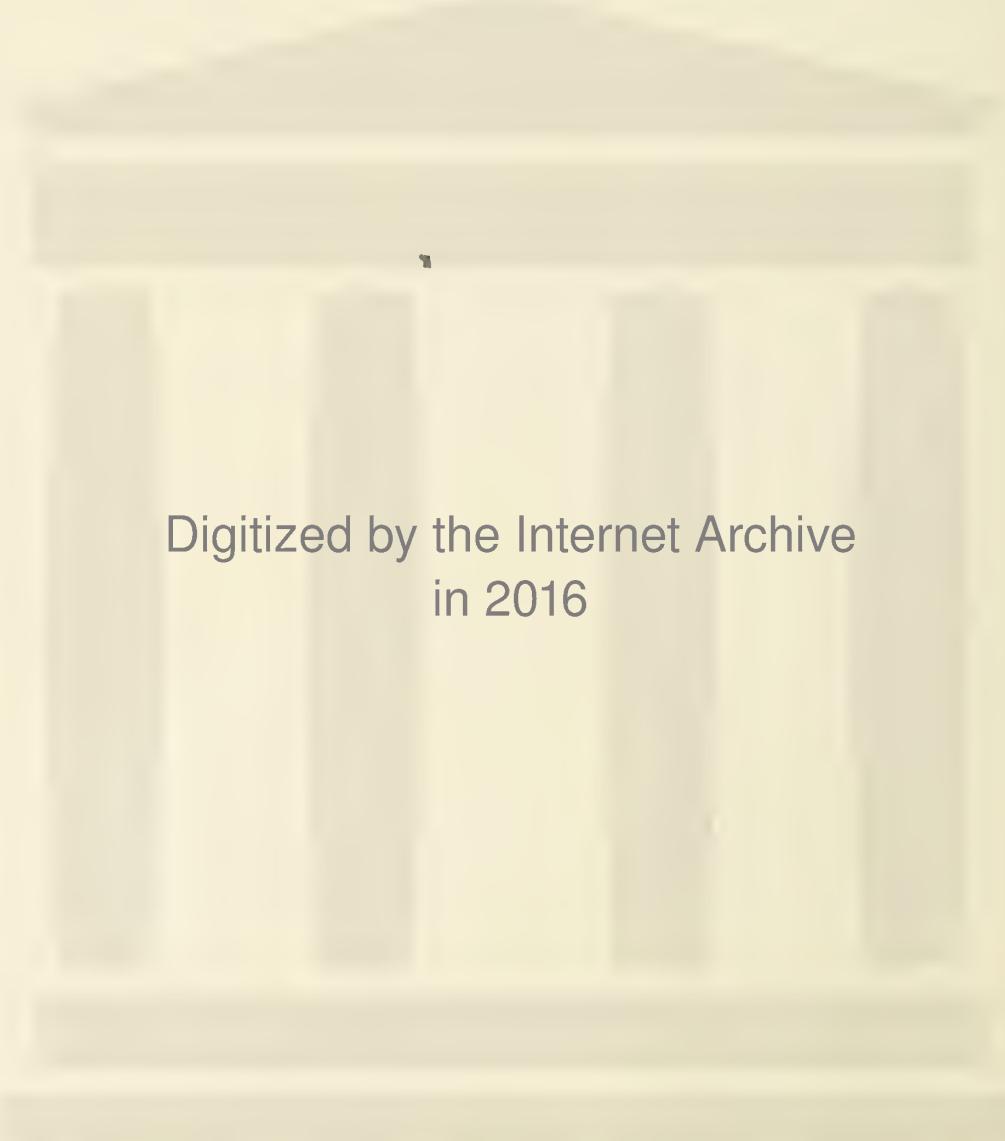


# REGISTER

*Winter Issue*  
1965



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**BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL**

# REGISTER

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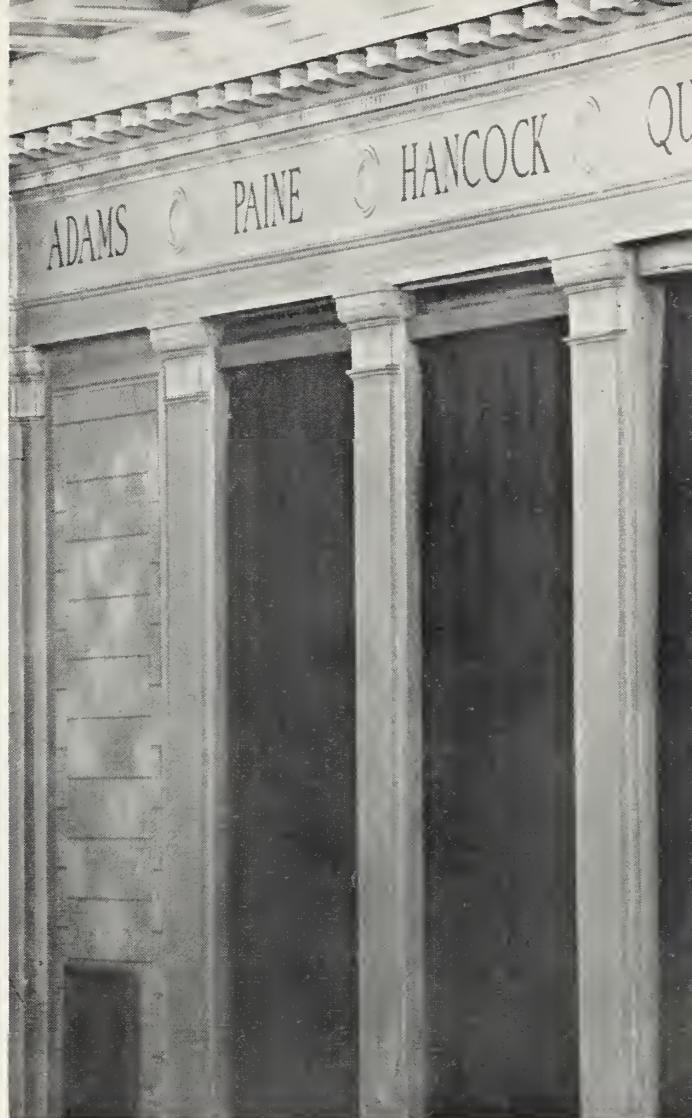
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# TO CONQUER THE CENTAUR

Kenneth Bechis '66

A SINGLE STREET light shone faintly in the dark. A clock somewhere struck three.

He turned the corner by the drugstore and walked slowly down the deserted street. All was quiet. At the end of the street, he could see a neon light in a store window splashing red, then blue, on the pavement. The colors, for no particular reason, suddenly flickered, and then faded to black. A girl's shrill laugh from one of the apartment houses — and then silence closed in again.

He turned another corner. He could sense the nearness of the River now. Across the street, on the other corner, several boys and girls leaned against a storefront. They looked at him, and abruptly ran down the street, holding hands, giggling. They turned into an alley and disappeared.

A heavy, black Pontiac roared past him. Three men sat in the front seat, talking loudly over the scream-music from the radio. A second car, a white Olds, followed quickly, and both screeched through a red light onto a sidestreet.

And then he reached the Charles.

The gentle breeze that sprung up did little to cool the heavy, sticky, nauseating warmth of the air. He arrived at the steps leading up from the walk along the River to the bridge. His hand ran slowly over the rank-smelling, moist stone, the etched obscenities. His feet inched up the steps. He headed for the center of the bridge. No cars, no people; the wind died down . . . he perspired a little.

Small towers on each side of the bridge forming strange silhouettes in the night. The blackness of the city merging with the blackness of the sky, of the river. Rows of street lights working uselessly. Prudential pointing an accusing finger. The city a jagged pile of scrap metal and stone. Everything different from this morning . . . everything different . . . people, cars . . . hope . . .

\* \* \*

The sunrise that morning had been brief and cloudless. The blue of the sky was still unmarred by floating white.

The sunlight filtered through the streaked windows. It spread from the scuffed flooring to the walls, filling the room. The one corner that was in shadow was occupied by a brooding face, hollow

cheeks, and quite normal clothing. The eyes were filled with dim reflections.

A tall, thin, blond boy, quite handsome and athletic in his wrinkled, white levis and striped crew shirt, stood in another corner of the room. The sun could reach him.

"Okay, so that's all settled, right? Okay, anybody got any more ideas?" He looked around the room.

The shadowy figure in the other corner whispered something, looked around hesitantly, and then spoke.

"Bill, I think —"

"Wait a minute, Frank, I've got this terrific idea!" interrupted a very ordinary-looking girl sitting in front of a window. Her stringy brown hair was backlit rather unnecessarily. "Instead of just marching around with signs on Boston Common, why don't we —"

"Bill, I think —" The voice was a little louder, a little more forceful.

"Wait until I finish, Frank! Look, instead of just —"

"No, you wait!"

"Hold it, you two!" The tall blond boy stopped them both. "Frank, you were first."

"Forget it, it's nothing. It's nothing at all . . ."

*You cloids, you're all stupid. You're doing it all wrong. You don't even know what you're doing.*

A boy sitting next to Frank chuckled to himself. "Shut up, you dunce!" hissed Frank.

"All right," continued the stringy girl, "like I said, if we . . ."

To Frank, the girl's voice was a meaningless hum. The entire room shimmered before his eyes and became a soft gray blur. He could see that he didn't belong . . .

Frank walked out.

Outside, he saw that strange dark clouds were forming in the north.

\* \* \*

"Hey, Frank, you wanna go bowling?"

Frank turned and saw Pete coming over to him from across the street.

*What the hell does that baboon want from me?*

"Hey, Frank, you doin' nothin'? You wanna go bowling? It'll be a blast. There are some real swingin' chicks down there."

"Yeah, I know, this whole generation is full of swingers."

"What?"

"Oh, forget it, Pete. Look, why don't you just go on down there all by your self . . . you'll have a great time . . . I'm sure your handsome personality and keen intellect will attract for you a great following."

*You cloid!*

"Yeah, they sure are a great bunch of kids. You sure you ain't gonna go?"

"Yes, Pete. Go on, go on, have a good time."

*You stooge. How the hell did I ever get mixed up with you?*

Pete disappeared down an alley.

Above, monstrous, gloom-filled clouds were swelling uncontrolled over half the sky.

\* \* \*

Thatcher sat beside Frank at the sticky coffee shop counter. The juke box had just finished with the Rolling Stones.

"So, man, how's it going?"

"Everything's lousy, Thatch. You know, I really think that I'm surrounded by idiots. I just can't make myself understood . . . I just can't figure other people out. It's like I'm lost, I'm all alone, afraid of the dark, or something. You know what I mean?"

"No, I can't say that I do. Look, you're in all these clubs and groups. You have about, oh, a hundred close friends. What do you mean you can't figure other people out?"

"That's just it. I can't even figure you out. Look, I've known you ever since junior high . . . but I still really know nothing about you. I don't even know **why** you do what you do . . . **why** you think the way you do."

"Big deal to you!"

"That's just it. It is a big deal to me. I feel like I have to know all about other people, or else I'm missing out on something . . . I'm not really getting everything out of life. And so far, I haven't gotten anything out of life anyway. You know, I'm amazed by these utter imbeciles who masquerade as people. You know Pete? He's one of them. He's just a big fat zero, a nothing. I can't get anything out of him."

"Why should you?"

"I told you. I don't just want to exist . . . I want to live. And to me, this means finding out as much as I can about other people, and afterward trying to join those whose ideas I agree with."

"Aren't you just trying to conform to one particular group?"

"NO! I don't want to conform to anything! I'm just trying to make my life, let's say, **compatible** with those of the people around me. Some people, you know, like Pete, I don't consider to be alive. They just float along with the current, like some piece of trash. Imagine conforming to him!"

"So what? Everybody isn't like Pete. You can conform to almost anyone else you want."

"NO! I don't want to conform! I just want to be able to fit in somewhere . . . I just want to find my place, my niche, in society . . . in life. I thought I had found something with that protest group back at school. But a couple of weeks of that changed my mind. They don't really care about what they're doing. They don't even know what they're doing. They're just protesting for kicks . . . because it's the thing to do. They're just trying to put on bigger and better performances, not demonstrations. They don't think, they just act. They're sensitive as hell about being able to exercise all their Constitutional rights, but they don't give a damn about their real responsibilities. They're like Pete . . . Only they're not just drifting aimlessly; they're paddling around aimlessly in circles! They're still carried by the current, and they can never get out of it. God, everybody's so weak, so . . . so basically shallow."

"Come on, Frank . . . not everyone."

"Yeah, everyone. I can think of lots of kids like that. There're these two girls I know — maybe you know them? Ann and Cathy? No? Well, anyways, they're both one hundred per cent phonies. Yeah! They're out to make the big impression. They attend all these concerts . . . they read all these real famous and important books. And they always go out with the real big shots. But they're complete phonies! They really break me up! You know, they seem so sincere, but they're not getting anything out of what they're doing. They just want to do what all those supposedly highclass people do. But that's all! They just do it! It's that same old story of conformity.

"And you know Jack? Come on, let me finish. You know, he's that kid who's so fantastic in math. He's in a class by himself. But I've been with him, and I've talked with him. And besides getting

the impression that he's silently laughing at me, I've found that he's really stupid. Yeah! That head of his must be filled just with equations and formulas and numbers. But can you imagine him trying to write something other than a technical paper . . . say, a best-selling novel? Impossible! I don't think he'd even be able to appreciate a good poem . . . or a good symphony . . . or anything other than strings of numbers arranged in supposedly significant or meaningful patterns. Just the fact that I can listen to music and hear more than sound waves makes me feel infinitely better than him. And people like Jack are all around us. Maybe not quite as knowledgeable, but you know the kind. You know, they say 'School is my life — what else can there be?' or some such thing, and then dedicate themselves to worshipping little letters on report cards. People like that make me sick."

"Why?"

"Because, like I said before, I want to get something out of everyone I know, and people like Jack and Ann and Cathy have absolutely nothing to give me. I don't want numbers. I don't want just habits, and not original thoughts or actions. I don't want to waste my time trying to get something out of empty boxes. I want to find people who really have something to give . . . who really know what life is about . . . who really can help me to find myself . . . and find where I belong . . ."

"Listen, Frank, it seems to me that all you're doing is just looking for a separate place for yourself in this world. You've looked at all kinds of people — the complete dopes, the unthinking protestors, the phonies, the — how would you say it? — intrinsically stupid specialists. And you haven't found any one group with which you're at home . . . any one place where you say you can really live. But once you find this place, if you find this place, you'll just do your darndest to blend in perfectly . . . to become another uniform link in an endlessly uniform chain. But your trouble is, you'll never find it — you're looking too hard. Your place isn't among any one particular class or group of people whom you've investigated and found compatible to your way of thinking. Your place is among those people who accept you for what you are."

"No, Thatch, that can't be right! I've

got to set myself up in this world; I won't, I can't, depend on the whims of other people! I must search for my own place; I can't let my place find me!"

"Big deal, Frank! So what if you can't find a place for yourself in this world? What if you have trouble conforming? Big deal! You'll never find a place for yourself the way you're going about it now. I really think you're going to end up just like Pete . . . not with respect to your acquired knowledge, but with respect to your outlook on life. Pete's outlook, and it'll be yours once you realize what's really the matter with yourself, Pete's attitude is one of mute acceptance. He doesn't argue about his position in life. He takes it all in stride . . . he doesn't care. He just takes whatever's coming, and that's it. And he's taken the easiest thing, the easiest way out, that'll ever come — conformity to mass culture. You know the whole bit: be one of the gang, make life a blast, swing in your way. But just make sure that what you do isn't too different from what everybody else is doing. There are fifty million Petes in this country. And Frank, you're going to make it fifty million and one."

There was a heavy pause.

"Thanks a whole lot, Thatch. Thank you. You know, Thatch, I thought you were with me. But you're a real first-class ass."

A few seconds later, the coffee shop door closed behind Frank's feet. He tried to forget Thatcher . . . Jack . . . Bill . . . Pete . . . everybody . . . everything. The clouds, now completely concealing the sky, pressed down upon him . . . the buildings lining the street squeezed him together between their blank faces.

*My God, why does everything have to be so hard?*

It was night.

\* \* \*

The water, cold, unknown, inviting, gurgled softly around the base of the bridge. Sweat splashed over his forehead and neck. The air was warm, but his skin tightened in the sudden cold. His throat was swollen . . . his eyes twitched. The silence all around him screamed into his ears.

Frank knew he could never go back. He knew he could never continue his meaningless search. He knew that now, there was nothing . . .

The water looked so cold . . . so black . . . so nice . . .

*I can't be just another Pete! Not me! Pete's stupid. He's an ass. He's just a conformist. Mass culture . . . ha! That's where Pete belongs — right in the middle of all this phony mass culture. I want to be free . . . be different . . . I just want a place for myself . . . a place where I can really live . . . where I can really know people . . . where I can really belong . . . where I can really . . . conform?*

*NO! Not conformity . . . not blending in . . . NO! I just want to find my place . . . Ha, even stupid Pete's got a place . . .*

*Everybody's got a place . . .*

*Even Pete's got a place . . .*

*Even Pete's got a place . . .*

*Even Pete . . .*

He started walking. The city approached him.

*Maybe Pete wants to go bowling with me?*

On the empty bridge, a single street light, for no particular reason, flickered, and then faded out.

A clock somewhere struck four.

## The Suicide

*The wind hit hard. It blew and then  
I stood and watched the sea rush in!  
I realized that my soul was there  
And I could never really win—  
Too hard, too long, too soft, too short,  
The obstacles were piled high—  
Still I stood there and awaited  
A dream that wouldn't have to die . . .  
The waves rushed on in endless lines;  
I tried as much—as best I could—  
But then I turned—the cliff behind—  
I went to life . . . I knew I would.*

— Michael D. Litchman '66

— John G. Tsoumas '67

## The Recognition

*I have seen you many times,  
When the murky depths of my being  
Have been torn wide by bitterness and sorrow.  
Or, gently spread apart,  
Bathing conflict in indifference  
In places as alike as snowflakes on a barren  
hill . . .*

*Sunlight cuts most easily through shallow  
waters,  
Baring hidden secrets to starless skies;  
I have felt your breath upon my first-born  
and rejoiced,  
I have seen your heedless shadow  
Fall across the face of the Speechless Sailor  
and shuddered at the betrayal of my  
mind;  
Yet each time a fog has blurred my sight,  
Obscuring the sight of you . . .*

*But soon, after the icy arms of night have  
embraced me in their silent sleep,  
The winds of dawn shall dispel the mists,  
and I shall calmly gaze upon your face,*

## Mirage

*Two men walk, somewhat together,  
Lost in an ocean of sand,  
A pessimist angry at the weather,  
An optimist pleasantly tanned.*

*Moving for hours in circles,  
Not knowing which way to test  
The optimist thinking of rescue,  
The pessimist where to die best.*

*The optimist shrugs and moves forward,  
As the pessimist staggers, and sighs  
Cursing the sun for its dazzle,  
While the other just covers his eyes.*

*Ahead there lies an oasis,  
Waiting for such men as ours,  
Thirsting for water and needful of rest  
From walking through hell for hours . . .*

*The optimist stops for relief,  
But the pessimist passes on by,  
For the one can see the oasis,  
The other just sand and sky.*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66



## DISCONNECTION

C. H. Yorke '66

**A**N ETHEREAL calm quivered above the Mitchell home this Friday evening, but it did not dare enter. Down from the second floor hailed wave upon mesmerizing wave of the "Top Twenty" rendered by such groups as the Mods, the Gods, and the Clods. Young Mick Mitchell explained it this way: "I can really get lost in this powerhouse music! It's new, alive, different! And besides, all my friends like it, and it's easier to get lost with your friends than by yourself." From the depths of the basement roared that electronic monster, the boob tube. Its heavy-eyed viewer, Mr. Carl Mitchell, was Mick's father; but his explanation

would have been curiously similar to that of his son. The secretary of the local Exchequer, Mrs. Ruth Harley Mitchell, sat in the study with the monthly budget, still trying to find a way to spend it twice.

"Jaangg!!" Mr. Mitchell picked up the basement extension.

"Hullo . . . Oh . . . how are you, Rufus? Shall I get Ruth for you? Okay — just a minute. Ruth!" he yelled. "Telephone!"

Mrs. Mitchell could barely hear her husband above the one-man discotheque. She floated down the stairs.

"What is it? Didn't you know I was busy trying to keep this family together?" she purred.

"It's that dunce, your father. He still hasn't gotten the message. We can't get rid of him."

"Ugh . . . give me that phone . . . Hello! Dad? . . . How are you? It's been so long — you must come out sometime. You're what? Spend the week in Philadelphia? Now listen, Rufus Harley! The last time you went down there to see Merlin and his buddies they descended on us twenty strong. And where did they shack up? Why, here, of course! Well, it's not going to happen again, you hear? Oh yeah, sure you're independent. Well, act it! . . . I said Act it!! Rufus, plug in your hearing aid. You lost it? Rufus? Rufus, I think you're drunk! . . . A liar? . . . Why you . . . Goodbye!"

"Imagine! He called me a liar. His own daughter! You know, Carl, that man has completely outlived his usefulness."

"As far as I'm concerned, he had outlived it at birth."

"This whole thing makes me tired. We're not going bankrupt tonight. I'm going to bed."

Mick was still playing records. He had really lost himself. He had also lost his parents. Mr. Mitchell was forced to pull the plug amid the protests of his loving son, so that he and his wife could get some much-needed sleep.

Saturday in the Mitchell house was, as usual, a day on which nothing important ever happened except college football games, bridge club meetings, and College Board Examinations.

Sunday began in the same thrilling vein which had characterized this entire weekend. But at 6:11 A.M. a mysterious, meaningful clarion sounded. The telephone rang.

"Get up and answer it, please, dear," mumbled Mrs. Mitchell.

"Ugh! . . . Whaa? . . . Oh no, no," rumbled Mr. Mitchell.

"Let's go, dear!" grumbled Mrs. Mitchell.

"Where the hell are my slippers?" fumbled Mr. Mitchell.

While groping toward the upstairs extension, Mr. Mitchell uttered some most unusual epithets about the unknown trumpeter.

"Hello! Who the hell is this? Oh, Merlin. Hello? Rufus? Lost? Great! Hope he stays . . . of course I don't mean it . . . yeah, really. How could he lose the

directions? . . . Yes, I know what lengths you must have gone to . . . Yeah . . . uh-huh . . . yeah, I know, but who can't get on a bus and get off at Philadelphia? . . . Right, right . . . Probably high as usual . . . Yeah, I know what this is costing you from Philadelphia . . . Merlin? . . . Hello?" Mr. Mitchell slowly replaced the receiver and shuffled back into the bedroom.

"Who zat?" Mrs. Mitchell said to her pillow.

"Merlin. He can't find Rufus. Waited all night at that stinkin' bus terminal, goin' out of his mind . . . I don't see why though."

Mrs. Mitchell began to revive. She swore mildly as she propped herself on her solidly built pillow, brown with cosmetics, and pricked herself with a renegade hair curler.

"You mean they can't find him?"

"Great, isn't it?"

With perfect co-ordination, Mr. Mitchell collapsed onto the bed as his wife rose unsteadily from it. .

"We've got to do something, Carl. We can't just do nothing . . . we've got to do something, right? We've got to do something. We've . . . Now look, this is what I want you to do. Get dressed, go down to the police station, and turn this whole mess over to them. Let them worry. They'll check all the bars. That oughta get him. Say . . . he got his pension check yesterday! Suppose some guy killed him for his money? Well, anyway, go see the cops. They'll know what to do. I gotta catch up on my rest. Carl? Hey! Wake up! Hey! Have you heard anything I've said?"

"Huh? . . . Whaa?"

"Go see the cops about it."

"About wha?"

"About Rufus, you idiot! Now get going!"

More unusual epithets.

At precisely 8:00, Mrs. Mitchell was again awakened, this time by "A.M.-a-Go-Go", a radio program on the local station WYEK. She requested that her son turn it down, but now all the ecstasy of sleep had fled. She arose.

. . . Better call Angela. Tell her. She is the oldest child. If anything happens it's her responsibility. But I get an equal share in his will. Ha! ha! Where in blazes is her number? She's almost as useless as Rufus . . .

"Hello Angela dear! It's been so long.

You must . . . oh, I see . . . come to the point . . . well yes, uh, Rufus is missing and I thought that, since you're uh the oldest and you live near him, you know, you could look around for him, or something . . . well, I'm busy with Mick these days. Raising a teenager is no easy job, you know. They're so unmanageable. Well, what about Rufus? You'd better start looking now if . . . well! I didn't know you felt that way! I'm not trying to use anybody! Goodbye!"

The table quivered with the shock of the flying receiver as Mrs. Mitchell whirled to catch Mick, who had, unfortunately, just left his bedroom.

"Mick! What's the matter with you? Don't you realize I need sleep? Between that record player and radio . . ."

"But . . ."

"How can you call that music? How can you listen to it? And you! You look like a klutz. With that hair and those pants I could mistake you for the mop. I'll bet you don't have any circulation in your legs. I bet you don't have any legs. Your sneakers are holey and filthy, and those damn shirts are bleeding all over the house. And why don't you put on some socks? Then no one could see how grimy your ankles are!"

With a thundering silence and a studied air of total indifference Mick turned and sauntered back toward his room. He said only, "Call me when breakfast is ready."

Somewhat daunted by this impressive display of passive resistance, the disgruntled Mrs. Mitchell rattled downstairs to throw something together for herself . . . He can fix his own.

During the morning Mrs. Mitchell's budget juggling was interrupted several times by urgent communiques stating that Rufus had 1. been killed; 2. been covertly admitted to an asylum; and 3. skipped the country. She was too busy to give these her attention though.

About noon an exhausted Carl Mitchell clomped through the door. "He's not in the city," he grunted. "Nowhere. Hospitals, bars, morgues. They've got an all points bulletin out for him in five states."

"What did they ask you?" probed his wife.

"They asked for a description."

"Well?"

"Well, I thought it was good enough to say that he was a senile alcoholic. But

they wanted his weight, and all that junk. I had a hard time remembering."

"Those guys want a lot of information, but they never get any results."

"Yeah, that's right. Hey! Where's Mick?"

"How should I know? He went out. You know, that kid is a real pain."

"Well . . ."

"He is!"

"Okay, okay, dear."

At 4:20 P.M. another trumpet sounded. There had been many that day. Mrs. Mitchell picked up the phone.

"Hello . . . Oh, it's you again, Angela. What do you want? Home? What's he doing there? What happened to him? . . . Stroke? . . . I bet! You know, that guy's never going to stop hitting that booze . . . Yeah-uh-huh-a mild stroke . . . of course. What? Me call him? What can he do for me? Look at all the aggravation he's caused me today and . . . oh, you'll call Merlin? Why, okay. But . . . Angela?" She mumbled something and again hurled the telephone.

Her husband and son slid into the room.

"Well, what was the scene?"

"Well, son, what happened was this. Your grandfather has become irresponsible due to . . ."

"You mean he's a drunk."

"How can you say that, Mick? Where's your respect for your elders?" hissed Mrs. Mitchell.

"Well, first, I've heard you call him a drunk too, and he's your father. I hope that makes him your elder. And, second, how can you expect me to respect someone like that?"

Mick's father cleared his throat and spoke with all his native virility and condescension.

"Your judgment is clouded, my boy. As mature adults we can see things far beyond your experience. Why, one time in the Elks, when I was battling for the Grand Mooseship . . ."

Jaaangg!

"I'll get it! You two keep it down!"

"You one," muttered Mick.

"Hello! Rufus? Well how do you do? well, say something . . . yeah, I heard that bunk about your having a stroke in Pittsburgh or something. When are you going to get off that booze? Do you realize what you've put us through today? Why, with my running around to the morgues and bars and all, and . . . Rufus?"

. . . Rufus!!" The battered receiver was once again jolted.

"You can't carry on a polite conversation any more without these clods hang-

ing up after the first real honest remark! What relatives! God! Say, where's that kid?"

"How should I know? He's gone out."

---

*The war lingered on in the far away heat  
Of the land nobody ever heard of:  
While shouts of "I couldn't care less!"  
Echoed shamelessly 'round the world.*

*"I couldn't care less! My son is safe!  
He's upstairs now . . . asleep. The Big Boys  
Got themselves into this mess . . .  
Let them get themselves out of it."*

*The war lingered on in the far away cold  
Of the land nobody ever heard of:  
While letters went home by the thousands,  
Bordered in black . . . signed in  
mimeograph . . .*

*"Killed in combat . . . your son . . . quite  
dead."*

## **Dead in the Land Nobody Ever Heard Of**

*"Yeah, I read about it in the morning  
paper . . .  
Too bad! A nice young man. But I couldn't  
care less!  
My son is safe. He's upstairs now . . . asleep;  
Safe from the land nobody every heard of."*

*Who's to care? Who's to care when Death  
comes knocking?  
Was the Metaphysic Preacher wrong? Is  
each man an island?  
Who's to care? Until it all strikes home . . .  
when it's all too late . . .  
Till the rap at the door . . . the letter in  
black . . .*

*"Killed in combat . . . YOUR son . . . quite  
dead."*

*"But how . . . how can it be . . . my son!  
What's this . . . mimeographed! Don't they  
care!  
My son dead! Why only yesterday he was  
upstairs . . .  
Asleep . . .  
Safe from the land nobody ever heard of."*

# THE FORTUNE CARD

Steven Cushner '67

ARTHUR POWERS had just settled down in his favorite chair and had begun to read an article on the financial page of **The New York Times** concerning the recent rapid rise in the value of General Motors stock. All was peaceful and quiet; his wife had gone to the new shopping center where her favorite store, Henri's, was offering a sale on Summer dresses. The calm, however, was short-lived; the front door was slammed shut, followed by the rumble of running feet.

"Daddy, guess what!" said nine-year-old Billy Powers breathlessly. "I just got my weight and fortune on the scale down at Simpson's drug store."

"No kidding! And how much does my tiger weigh?" replied Mr. Powers glancing up from the paper. His dark eyes twinkled with love.

"No, no, you don't understand," insisted the lad. "My weight's not important. I'm gonna be rich! I'm gonna get some money."

"Slow down and start from the beginning," said the elder Powers. "What the devil are you talking about?"

"My fortune card says that I'm gonna get some money. And real soon, too. Look here." The boy handed his father a small white card on which was printed:

*"Good news! In the very near future you will receive a sum of money from an acquaintance."*

"What's that last word mean, Dad?"

"Oh that means from a person whom you know."

"Gee, I wonder who it could be."

Mr. Powers broke into a grin, which was followed by a loud chuckle.

"What's so funny, Dad?"

"Son, I think it's about time you learned a little more about life," replied his father as he motioned Billy to sit in the big chair facing him.

Billy sat down and crossed his long, thin legs. He was tall for his age and rather well-built, with high, broad shoulders, a thick neck, and a full chest. He excelled most of his friends in running, wrestling, football, basketball, and many other activities in which nine-year-old boys engage. His physical traits and athletic ability suited well his energetic nature; he always seemed to be doing something and whatever he did, he did with reckless abandon and youthful exuberance.

Physically, Billy differed drastically from his father, who, with his slight build, lined face, and black, horn-rimmed glasses, looked more like a Harvard professor than what he really was, a private detective.

Mr. Powers, a very methodical man by training, slowly laid the paper down beside him on the floor, crossed his legs, and cleared his throat.

Billy fidgeted nervously in his seat, for he knew that his father always cleared his throat when he had something important to say.

Father and son exchanged glances and after a momentary silence Mr. Powers choosing his words carefully, began:

"Son don't take these fortune cards seriously. No one can tell another person's future."

"But, Dad," protested Billy, "last week Jimmy Wilson got a fortune card and what it said on the card really happened. Honest."

"Really," said his father in a delightful tone. "What did the card predict?"

"It said that Jimmy would meet someone he hadn't seen in a long time."

"And he did?"

"Yup. His cousins came here yesterday afternoon from Chicago."

Mr. Powers stroked his chin reflectively

as he pondered about how to refute his son's argument and how to convince him of the unreliability of fortune cards.

"That's just a gimmick of fortune telling," argued Mr. Powers as he leaned forward in his chair for emphasis. "All fortune tellers do that. They make very general predictions. Naturally some of the predictions come true, they're so general. It's really not unusual for a person to meet someone whom he hasn't seen in years. In fact, yesterday, I met one of my college professors, and I hadn't seen him since 1946."

"But my fortune card isn't very general," argued Billy.

"Oh, yes it is. It doesn't tell you exactly when, where, how much or from whom you'll get the money, does it?" asked Mr. Powers in a measured voice, almost as if he were cross-examining a witness.

"No, it doesn't," replied the youth. But still . . ."

A sharp knock at the front door cut short the conversation. Billy bounded through the reception hall, almost tripping over the telephone cord. He opened the door and his uncle Paul stepped in. The latter greeted his nephew with a pat on the top of the head, and asked:

"Is your father busy?"

Without waiting for an answer he stepped through the doorway and continued past Billy.

"Hi, Art!" called his uncle to Billy's father as the former stepped into the living room. "The deal is complete. Dr. Whitman bought the house."

"That's swell, Paul," said Mr. Powers enthusiastically.

The two men sat down to talk about Paul's latest transaction. Paul was a broker for the Maguire and Leone Real Estate Company and he had just sold a palatial sixteen-room house surrounded

by an acre of land to a wealthy surgeon in the neighboring city of Woodland Hills.

Billy saw that the two men would be busy for a while, so he went into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of milk and took a big piece of chocolate cake. As he ate, he could hear his uncle and his father laughing heartily in the living room. They sure were happy!

When the laughter subsided, the lad's thoughts began to revert back to the conversation with his father. Billy was now torn between his natural desire to believe in the prophecy and his father's vehement argument urging him not to.

Billy finished his snack and left the kitchen with the intention of going down to the ballfield. As he sped through the livingroom he heard his uncle call:

"Hey junior! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Billy walked back to where his uncle was sitting.

"I was just going out to play ball."

"Don't you think it's about time for a new glove?" asked his uncle, looking down at Billy's tattered fielder's glove.

"Gee, I guess so."

"Well, go out and buy one," said uncle Paul, pulling a crisp ten-dollar bill from his wallet. "You won't even make it to the Mets with a glove like that. And keep the change too. Buy yourself and a couple of your friends a soda or something."

Billy thanked his uncle and started to run out of the house. He stopped suddenly and pivoted.

"Hey, Dad! The fortune card . . ."

"I know son, I know."

As Billy charged out of the house, his father smiled after him and said softly to himself:

"Someday you'll see, son. Someday you'll see."

## Perdition's Tree

*Round and round  
Perdition's tree  
They dance in ecstasy,  
The man, the woman, the serpent,  
The fated three,  
The shapers of human destiny.*

*There are dreams  
Where dreams there were none;  
Desire's reign hath begun.  
The forbidden fruit hath sown its seeds,  
And the legacy of man is weeds.*

— Aron Zysow '66

# H. M. S. RAT

An idiosyncracy in one act by

John J. J. Philbrook

CAST

Captain

Students:

Browning

Chaucer

Shakespeare

Tennyson

& 26 other students

2 Professional Brow-Beaters, under the  
Captain's personal command

\* \* \*

*Scene.* — A typical classroom in a typical high school; 30 students seated; English class about to begin.

(Bell rings)

(In walks the CAPTAIN)

CAPTAIN. My gallant crew, good morning.

STUDENTS. (Jumping up and saluting)  
Yes, sir! Good morning!

CAPTAIN. I hope you are all regaling in the benefits of good health.

STUDENTS. (Saluting) Yes, sir! And you, sir?

CAPTAIN. I am in my usual superior frame of body and relishing it as well.

STUDENTS. (Saluting) Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN. You may regain your seats.

STUDENTS. (Saluting again) Thank you, sir! (They sit)

CAPTAIN. All right, everybody up! (They stand up again)

CHAUCER. What's the matter, sir?

CAPTAIN. You didn't stay "May I."

STUDENTS. (In unison) May we?

CAPTAIN. Yes, you may.

STUDENTS. (Saluting) Thank you, sir!  
(They sit)

CAPTAIN. (Picking up a book) Me thinks we shall commence with queries upon last evening's perusing matter. Any questions on that morsel of poetry?

STUDENTS. (Saluting from their seats)  
No, sir!



CAPTAIN. What, none?

STUDENTS. (As before) No, none, sir!

CAPTAIN. Then I shall proceed to make interrogations. You had better cogitate before you respond; the penalty for incorrect assumptions is thirty lashes.

STUDENTS. (Saluting from their seats)  
Yes, sir!

CAPTAIN. Browning, will you please shift the weight of your *corpus* from your *gladius maximus* to your *pedes* — please excuse the Latin wording. (Browning stands up)

Excellent! Now, where were we? Ah, yes! In your own words, and with a modicum of personal conjecture, please state the blatantly obvious motive behind the main part of the subordinate thought of last night's verse. And, in addition, correlate this to the mainsprings of civilization, after re-evaluating Aristotle's *Poetics*.

BROWNING. (Thoroughly confused)  
Come again, sir?

CAPTAIN. (Calmly) Thirty Lashes.  
(One of the CAPTAIN's Professional Brow-Beaters quickly ties BROWNING's hands around the mast at the front of the room, while the other takes a horse-whip and carries out orders)

CAPTAIN. (Rubbing his two front teeth with a kleenex) Now, where were we?  
Oh, yes, last night's poetical material.

Tennyson, please respond.

TENNYSON. Well, I didn't like it as much as the one the night before, but it—

CHAUCER. (*Cutting in*) Methinks that—

CAPTAIN. (*Cutting in sharply*) I'll do the methinking around here!

Chaucer, stand up.

CHAUCER. (*Jumping up and saluting*) Yes, sir!

CAPTAIN. (*Placidly*) Forty lashes.

(*The two Brow-Beaters perform their duty on CHAUCER*)

CAPTAIN. Now, Tennyson, you were expounding?

TENNYSON. Yes, sir, I think that—

CAPTAIN. (*Furiously*) *THINK!!!!!! How vulgar!!!! Cogitate! Cerebrate! Meditate! Deliberate! Ruminante! Contemplate! Opine! Even ponder!! But THINK—NEVER!!!!!!* (*Calm-ing down*) Fifty lashes.

(*The two Brow-Beaters discharge their duty*)

(*The CAPTAIN returns to his desk, takes a pile of large, white blank paper and starts passing it out*)

CHAUCER. Sir, what's this for?

CAPTAIN. A mental examination.

TENNYSON. What's this test going to be on, sir?

CAPTAIN. Paper.

SHAKESPEARE. Sir, I was absent yesterday; what should I do?

CAPTAIN. Use pen.

SHAKESPEARE. But, sir—

CAPTAIN. (*Coolly*) Sixty lashes. (*The Brow-Beaters do as usual*) Now, class. At the top of this paper, write your name, the date, and your homeroom number. Then skip three lines and we'll begin.

First question. What does A.E.I.O.U. Stand for? And why is it ridiculous.

CHAUCER. A.E.I.O.U.?? That wasn't in last night's reading!

CAPTAIN. It certainly was. I'll explain after the test is over. Meanwhile, Chaucer, seventy lashes.

(*Brow-Beaters do their duty*)

CAPTAIN. Now, class, give me your attention. For the second question, which is—incidentally—the last question on this test, for the second question we are going to try mental telepathy. I shall ask the question to myself in my mind, without saying it aloud. You are to read the question from my mind and write down the correct answer on your paper.

(*General commotion among students*)

STUDENTS. (*In unison*) But, sir—

CAPTAIN. (*Furious*) Silence!!! (*Calm-ing himself*) General thrashings.

(*The Brow-Beaters move down the aisles, beating students right and left with donkey whips*)

CAPTAIN. (*When they have finished*) All right, now. Ready. Here we go. (*A long silence*) Now, I'll repeat it once more. (*A long silence*) You have three seconds in which to answer. Complete sentences, please. (*Counting*) One, two, three. Time's up. Pass in your papers.

(*After the papers have been collected, CHAUCER raises his hand*)

CAPTAIN. (*Seeing CHAUCER's hand*) Yes, question?

CHAUCER. Yes, sir. Where was A.E.I.O.U. in last night's reading?

CAPTAIN. Well, at the bottom of the first page, there was a footnote which referred you to the footnote on page 257. The footnote on page 257 referred you to section D of the footnote on page 343. On page 343, the note referred you to the note on page 12. *That note referred you to Phantom Crown by Bertita Harding. Phantom Crown referred you to a tourist's guidebook of Austria. And in that book, you found that the Hapsburg Emperor Frederick III had inscribed above the main entrance to one of his palaces the letters A.E.I.O.U.*

CHAUCER. But what do they stand for, sir?

CAPTAIN. A.E.I.O.U. stands for *Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo*. Naturally, from your study of Latin, you know that this means "Austria is to rule the universe."

CHAUCER. I see, sir. But I don't understand the *second* part of the question. Why is it ridiculous?

CAPTAIN. Because the Austrians can never rule the universe.

CHAUCER. Why not, sir?

CAPTAIN. (*Looking at CHAUCER as though he were the stupidest person on earth*) Well, I think it's rather evident.

CHAUCER. Evident!? I don't understand. Please tell me why the Austrians will never rule the universe.

CAPTAIN. Because they don't have a navy!!!

CURTAIN

## Lemures

"from each as is his ability . . .  
to each as is his need,"  
*the Octopus bloats and gluts itself,*  
*expounding its hopeless creed.*

*Stern-faced, square-toed, buckled men,*  
*years ago and hard by the Rock,*  
*bled and starved, and even then*  
*the Thing could not be made to work . . .*  
*the height, the weight, the depth are all*  
*yet are not all.*  
*the one, the Time, traverses all*  
*and adds perspective to the Light*  
*by which we know the Day from Night.*

*The clamor for freedom rings loud in my*  
*ears,*  
*yet never before have I known such fears*  
*as now. For a thousand years*  
*of sound and fury, indeterminable thought*  
*and argument; blood, brave deeds,*  
*and sweat and death have created me*  
*a thinking man . . .*  
*free to see, to hear, to speak,*  
*to accept, reject, and dismember*  
*the unpalatable.*

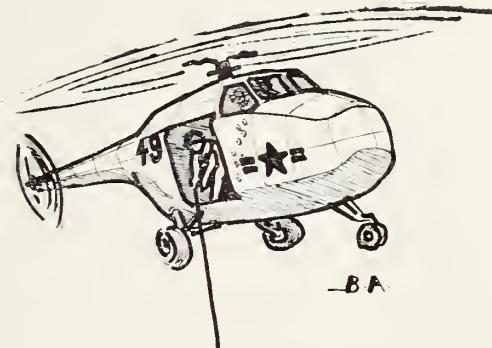
*Ink-stained men*  
*seek escape from prudish shackles,*  
*and proceed, bounded by infinity*  
*and the nod of black-robed men,*  
*to use their minds to thrill the lesser*  
*forms which crawl upon this crusted earth . . .*  
*"All things are relative,*  
*and the Universe keeps no records."*  
*There are no such things as black and white,*  
*but only varying shades of grey*  
*which pollute our waters . . .*

*And one alone,*  
*standing amidst the ruined tenements that*  
*shall be,*  
*crying out softly beneath an uncaring Sun,*  
*seeking precious stuff from basest metals,*  
*can only be crushed by the weight of masses*  
*of senseless flesh; as a pulpy grape*  
*whose stem has begun to soften,*  
*brown and rotten grow the ties*  
*that bind one to the bunch,*  
*that chain one to the bunch,*  
*until, joined no more . . .*

*the fall into reality's oblivion is completed.*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

# THE SEARCH



Walter McDonald '66

A STACCATO chopping sound echoed over the low-lying hills as a helicopter came into view from behind a forest of tropical trees. It came slowly down the irregular, sandy shore, hovering now and then to inspect some muddy rivulet almost completely hidden by the dense foliage.

Glints of reddish light from the setting sun danced over the canopy and the South Vietnamese insignias painted on the flat brown fuselage.

Inside, in the cockpit of the craft, the pilot spoke sullenly to the co-pilot. "It was reported to be here!"

"But captain," replied the co-pilot, "that was over an hour ago! Hundreds of things could have happened since then! A current could have caught it!"

"Have any currents been reported in this area, Lieutenant?"

"No sir! But you know how these tropical waters are! Freak currents could pop up anywhere!"

"All right . . . all right," snarled the captain. "Since you've become such an expert on oceanography, you figure out where it could have gone!" And with a grunt he thrust the map into the Lieutenant's face.

The lieutenant silently took the map and began to study it intently. Soon his gaze became fixed on a tiny indentation in the coastline marked on the map. With a triumphant expression on his face, he

encircled the spot, the Chi Delta, and shoved it under the captain's nose.

"Hum?" snorted the captain. "What's this! . . . So this is where **you** think the boat is?"

"Yes sir!" replied the lieutenant.

"And on what fact do you base this hunch?"

"I base this **hunch** on the fact that the Chi is a large river used for irrigation and the tide is coming in!"

"So what difference does that make! I could have told you that myself!" said the captain haughtily.

"It means that when the tide comes in, a tremendous amount of water is channeled into the Delta area! Anything drifting near the Delta will more than likely be sucked into it!"

"Hum!" muttered the captain with knitted eyebrows.

"It's fifteen miles due north!" prompted the lieutenant.

"That seems about right! Maybe we'd better take a look at that place!" mumbled the captain, already forgetting the idea was not his.

The lieutenant stared at him for a few seconds and then asked, "Shouldn't we notify the other search and rescue 'coppers'?"

"No!" shouted the captain. "Definitely not!! I don't want any of those glory hounds taking any of my credit away from me!"

"But sir!" pleaded the lieutenant. "What if they're in trouble and there's a crew closer to them than us? Besides regulations state that we must check in. . . ."

"There is no crew closer than us! And if it's regulations that you're worried about, well, we can just say that we extended our search pattern farther than we expected!"

The lieutenant fell silent and stared out the side window as the captain continued muttering, his face flushed.

While he watched the clear blue water, he called to mind the seven other missions he had flown with the captain. Each one was marred by some petty incident which evoked a harangue from the captain or at least several caustic remarks as to his own competency.

Suddenly a sampan appeared off to starboard and awoke him from his reverie.

"Captain . . . on the starboard side . . . look!"

"Hunh!" grunted the captain still somewhat flushed.

"There's the boat . . . drifting into the Delta!"

"Start lowering the winch, I'll take her down!" said the captain happily.

Then a bullet splintered the side window next to the lieutenant.

"Must be some guerrillas around!" said the lieutenant brushing off the fragments of glass strewn on his flying suit.

The captain's face became whitish and beads of sweat appeared on his neck and forehead. "Perhaps we'd better call for an escort to draw their fire!" he said cautiously.

"The boat will have drifted into the river by then and the pilot and his reconnaissance data 'll be captured!"

"Okay . . . okay! We'll go down! But

make it quick and remember the pictures and maps come up first!"

The helicopter swooped low over the boat and began to hover. White puffs of smoke arose from the river banks as the guerrillas fired their homemade rifles and Chinese built mortars.

The madly swirling rotor blades made concentric circles of waves which rocked the wooden sampan from side to side.

The lieutenant hung precariously out the door of the helicopter by one arm and tried to drop the hook into the boat with his other arm. After several attempts he succeeded and the downed pilot wrapped the canisters of film and his flight maps in a plastic bag and attached it to the hook.

The whirr of the winch was scarcely audible over the beating of the blades and the cracking of the small arms fire from the shore.

In a few seconds the data was on board and the winch being sent down again for the pilot.

But a bullet ripped through the cabin wall and glanced the captain's arm. He sat there dumfounded, staring at the blood coagulating on his arm until finally he realized he had been wounded. Then pushing on full throttle, he swung the helicopter around and started back out to sea.

The lieutenant, screaming for him to stop, made a futile attempt to grasp the pilot, dangling on the end of the rope before he fell into the water.

A few weeks later, the Captain was standing at attention in the office of the Admiralty, a broad smile on his face.

". . . and for conspicuous gallantry in the face of the enemy, despite wounds received, the Admiralty hereby confers upon you, Captain. . . ."

# "THE DEVILS" AND JENNY EGAN

Stephen Landrigan '66

"I am his child. Let him take me as I am. So there is meaning. There is meaning after all. I am a sinful man and I can be accepted. It is not nothing going to nothing. It is sin going to forgiveness. It is a human creature going to love."

**T**HEREIN LIES the essence of a great, new drama which had its American premier recently in Boston. Entitled **The Devils**, the spectacle was impressively produced by Alexander Cohen, in forty-three scenes, and with a cast of sixty of which half speak principal roles. Written by the late John Whiting, and based on a novel, **The Devils of Loudon**, by Aldous Huxley, the play deals with witchcraft in the 17th century French village of Loudon. Under the direction of Michael Cacoyannis, the drama was admirably performed, especially by Jason Robards and Jenny Egan, who substituted for the ailing Anne Bancroft during most of the Boston run.

The play is a comparison of the emotions and failings of two people. The first, played by Jason Robards, is a vain priest, Urbain Grandier, whose rakish life brings upon him the disapproval of his parishioners, the disgust of his bishop and the dissociation from him by the town officials.

The other, superbly depicted by Jenny Egan, is a small, hunch-backed nun, a prioress of a convent near Loudon, Sister Jeanne of the Angels. This nun imagines an idealistic love for Father Grandier, whom she has never seen, but whose name has been carried to her by rumor. Sister Jeanne is unable to control her love; thus she is destroyed by it, and Father Grandier with her.

Father Grandier is a complex person, who despite his radical living, wants more than anything else to be able to love his God; however, after a series of shoddy events, the priest comes to realize that love, which he had always thought to be supernatural, can be quite distastefully human.

His ideology smashed, and his love for God weakened, Grandier pursues life, trying to capture its meaning. He finds it at the bedside of a dying man whose soul he has perfunctorily aided in gaining salvation. Only then does the full realization of his priestly duties strike him, knocking him into despair. Although his intellect was too powerful to allow him to remain hopeless, it was hardly adequate to protect him from ravages from a different source: the tortured mind of Sister Jeanne of the Angels.

Sister Jeanne, in attempting to fulfill her maniacal love, besought Father Grandier to assume the duties of spiritual director of her convent. The priest's refusal was an arrow that pierced Sister Jeanne's heart and pointed at the cursed hump on her back. That hump which had robbed her of all happiness seemed now to steal from her the one creature she loved.

While discussing this point with JENNY EGAN after the show, Miss Egan pointed out that ". . . during the Middle Ages, and Loudon in 1634 was still very much in the Middle Ages in its thinking, a hunch-back was of a great loathing . . . a person especially cursed by God. The hump on Sister Jeanne's back deprived her of the love of her parents, her siblings,

her associates. Her childhood is a nightmare of memories for her. You'll recall that more than once in the play Sister Jeanne in her loneliness reanimates her past and the many long-dead conversations about her uselessness. From these monologues it is not hard to gather that Sister Jeanne was forced into the convent to escape the world.

"The fact that she is a prioress hangs heavy on her mind, too. Previously, her life had been built around an inferiority complex. But her rise to prioress attempted to reverse this condition by making Sister Jeanne superior. The inner conflict that resulted unsteadied her and made her susceptible to the ensuing hysteria."

Hysteria, indeed! In a wild frenzy of unrequited love, mental anguish, and physical pain, the tortured nun lapses into bestial fits claiming them to be the work of the devil through Urbain Grandier, who has entered her mind and filled it with wickedness. At length, infected by Grandier's evil powers (i.e. evil according to Sister Jeanne), all the nuns of the convent become diseased with a hellish sickness; howling, clawing, rasping, grovelling, cursing, scratching, shrieking, whirling, shaking, the nuns cover the stage in an utterly terrifying scene of diabolic passion.

So frighteningly credible was this display of demoniacal fury to superstitious Loudon, as well as to the audience, that Father Grandier, innocent of that crime was seized as a perpetrator of evil. "For the clerics who were jealous of his preaching, for the laity who disapproved his luxury, and for Cardinal Richelieu, the 'eminence grise' over all France, who resented the priest's political influence, the hysterical passion of the nuns was a sword against Grandier."

There is the question: Was Sister Jeanne really possessed by some satanic force, or did she merely feign possession to punish the uncomprehending Father Grandier?

"I'm not sure," commented Miss Egan. "First of all, there is the matter of a personal interpretation of the character of Sister Jeanne such as mine, the author's, or Mr. Cacoyannis'. Then, I think there is a different, immediate cause for each of Sister Jeanne's diabolic manifestations, and to designate them specifically would require going over the entire script.

"Also, Sister Jeanne is somewhat mentally unbalanced. Her hump, being a constant source of mental anguish, leaves her mind weakened and unprotected against wandering notions. Thus, it would seem possible that an idea such as diabolic spasms to avenge a grievance, fearful as it is, could plant itself in her mind and grow until it became an overpowering obsession."

Obsession or possession it made no difference. Father Grandier indeed had a sword against him. Nevertheless, the priest refused escape from his predicament so as not to risk losing his newly-found soul. And like another man of religion some 1600 years before, Father Urbain Grandier went before a magistrate, upheld his innocence, was sentenced to death, and accepted it calmly.

On the day of execution the priest and his accuser meet for the first time. "They always spoke of your beauty," murmurs Sister Jeanne reiterating her original desires, trying to comprehend the magnitude of her act.

The death march moves on, leaving Sister Jeanne of the Angels alone in the shadows, half-crazed with agony and softly calling: "Grandier . . . Grandier . . . Grandier . . ."

\* \* \* \*

JASON ROBARDS as Father Grandier is excellent. He creates his multi-sided character quite effectively. His only shortcoming, and a minor one at that, is a peculiar mannerism that creeps into his voice during some of the longer speeches.

JENNY EGAN who plays Sister Jeanne is nothing less than magnificent. In the hysteria scenes with her wide-eyed stares and nerve-jarring caterwauls, she is incomparably terrifying. And as the unhappy, deluded nun, she is completely pitiable.

In general, the direction by MICHAEL CACOYANNIS is superb. From the characters of Grandier and Sister Jeanne, he has brought forth the human and satanic. He has engineered the scenes so they move freely, making use of the many playing areas afforded by the production's towering sets, and a wide variety of sound and lighting effects.

Crowds seem to be Cacoyannis' specialty. In the several many-peopled scenes, there is not a person who appears out of place, and yet no one acts as though his motions were choreographed. However,

the director makes use of this talent too often. Several times there are candle lit processions, tableaux of praying nuns, and mob scenes which, though performed beautifully, lack meaning. But this is a smaller matter since it is the only flaw in a performance that runs for well over three hours.

JENNY EGAN, when asked how the director had helped her prepare for this, her first Broadway role since Albee's **Ballad of a Sad Café**, replied, "Actually, I haven't had much chance to act directly with Mr Cacoyannis, yet. As often happens to a stand-by, I wasn't called for the first rehearsals, which simply means I wasn't on the company payroll. But the part of Sister Jeanne intrigued me so much, that I attended all the rehearsals just the same."

"Since I was a stand-by there was no place for me on the stage. But even sitting, as I did, in the orchestra, I was able to grasp what Mr. Cacoyannis wanted, although his back was turned to me, by the way in which he moved his hand or his head, and seeing Anne—Miss Bancroft, that is—seeing Anne react.

"All through the rehearsals I kept a diary which proved an invaluable aid when I was trying to create the character of Sister Jeanne, both as I saw her, and according to the director's wishes. Vast amounts of information started to ferment

in my mind, and then as it emerged, I began to live the part of Sister Jeanne.

"As much as I felt at home in the role, I didn't want and never expected to play the part before we opened in New York. Why? Because I had never rehearsed the show with the rest of the cast; only by myself. You can imagine my surprise when I arrived at the theatre a few evenings ago, and found that I was to go on for Anne, who wasn't feeling well! It was both terrifying and thrilling. I had never heard my own voice in the part on a large stage before!"

Miss Egan's performance revealed only the sheer fascination of watching an actress become a star. Though not widely known yet in Boston, Miss Egan has a large circle of admirers in New York where she is the artistic director of the much-praised **Four Winds Theatre**. Her performance in Arthur Miller's witchcraft play **The Crucible** won her the praise of the drama critics, and the Clarence Durrell Award for her portrayal of Mary Warren. Also, Miss Egan wrote and directed the production **Triumph of Delight** based on the masques of Ben Jonson and featuring Maria Karnilova.

This forms an impressive past, but it is only a past. Soon it will be overshadowed by an even greater future. A future where the proudest marques will be those which state in large letters:

Starring: JENNY EGAN

---

*As did all the nations, so are we,  
In hopeless abandon flinging our bread  
On stormy seas.*

*In rapid succession the greats go by,  
leaving behind innumerable tales  
Of what they were.*

*We know of greatest powers and how they  
fell,  
Yet we in foolish confidence ignore  
Their spectral voice.*

*So as the mighty Romans felled the Greeks,  
And as the fierce invaders struck at Rome,  
So shall we fall victim to their fate.*

## Comparisons

— Scott E. Nolan '66

# REPORT: THE AMERICAN TEENAGER

Ralph Halpern '69

OF ALL the species of living creatures upon the face of the earth, none is more amazing than the **Problemus Adul-torum**, better known as the American Teenager. This species occurs during one of the many stages in the life of a human being, between the ages of thirteen and nineteen.

Perhaps the best way to study the American Teenager and learn about its habitat, wants, eating habits, etc., is to take a typical Teenager and follow it through the course of a single day in its life.

Here we have Danny Dovers from Dobsonville, Delaware. He attends classes at Dobsonville High School and is an average student. Average, that is, for the lower third of the class.

Like most American Teenagers, Danny has three major concerns in life: girls, girls, and girls. However, there is one girl whom Danny stays as far away from as possible, and that is his older sister, Harriet.

One of the gravest problems in the life of the American Teenager is an elder sister, and Harriet is no exception. Whenever she is not on the phone, she is playing her records at top volume, so Danny has absolutely no peace in his own home. Another bad point about Harriet is that during family arguments she always sides with her parents against Danny, and with her mouth going Danny has no chance to say anything.

It is very seldom that brother and sister will talk to one another, other than to call each other names. One of the few times they do converse is when Danny asks for the potatoes from down the other end of the table. To this Harriet replies:

"Get them yourself."

"But they're right next to you!"

"So what? Anyway, you already had seconds."

Danny, fighting down the urge to kill, finally gets up and takes the potatoes himself.

It is this type of conduct that has made the older sister what she is today.

Every weekday morning at exactly 6:45, an alarm from an electric clock goes off in a certain house in Dobsonville. Immediately Danny Dovers pounces out of bed, slams down the alarm, and climbs back into bed. Ten minutes later he gets up once again and manages to open his eyes. Then Danny goes through the morning rituals of the American Teenager which include splashing water in his eyes and all over the bathroom floor, combing his hair, making sure he wears exactly the right clothes to impress the girls, combing his hair, wolfing down a healthy breakfast of a glass of milk and two cookies, and combing his hair.

By this time the rest of the family is up, awakened by Danny's radio. This is very convenient for Danny, who greets his mother with the words:

"Mom, can I have some money?"

"But I gave you some yesterday," says Mother, reaching for her purse.

"I know, but I need some more. Today's Friday and we're all going into town after school," pleads Danny.

Here helpful Harriet intervenes. "Don't give him any more, Mom. Tell him to save his money."

"Why don't you shut up?" Danny complains.

By now even Father is awake and he too joins the action. "Quiet everyone! Danny, here's fifty cents. It probably won't

be enough but it'll teach you not to spend money like water."

"Yes, Dad."

All quiet on the Dovers' front.

The most important part in the life of the American Teenager is school. It is here that he is given an education and prepared to face responsibility in an adult world.

Danny Dovers learns English, math, French, history, and chemistry in school. Or rather, the teachers teach and Danny attempts to learn; (however, he is not usually successful.) Twice a week Danny has gym. Like most American Teenagers this is his favorite subject, because here he does not have to exercise his brain, only his body.

On Friday, Danny has English first. Today his ten minute oral report on the United Nations is due. Assigned two weeks ago, the report was done the night before by Danny, as is the style of the American Teenager. While doing the report Danny learned a lot about the United Nations. The United Nations was thought as the countries where baseball is played.

Finally the big moment arrives. Danny Dovers gallantly steps forth onto the speakers platform, prepared to impart the knowledge he has gained to his classmates. He begins:

"Uh, my oral talk is on the, um, United Nations. The United Nations was thought up in, uh, 1941, and, uh, its main goal is to, uh, keep countries friendly with each other. The United Nations was first made up of, um, fifty-one nations, and it has, um, six main parts to it. The United Nations is, uh, found in New York, and has a, um, charter. The United Nations, um, tries . . ."

After laboring for ten endless minutes, Danny has finished. There is a moment of shocked silence as his classmates ponder over Danny's speech. The first one to recover is his teacher who merely grunts. Finally the teacher gets up enough strength to say something.

"Thank you, Daniel. That was, uh, very informative."

When class is over all of Danny's friends crowd around him to congratulate Danny on his excellent report. No one, including the English teacher, thought Danny capable of delivering such a superb talk.

For those of you who have been won-

dering whether the American Teenager is a rational being or merely a creature of habit, we now have a chance to test the Teenager's ability to think. We find that Danny has accidentally asked two girls out for Saturday night. To make matters worse, he already has a date for Friday, so he can not merely push one date up a day.

Danny Dovers has never faced a problem like this. To solve this one he has to think, hard as it may be. Finally, after hours of meditation, Danny has an idea. Truly a stroke of genius. He'll ask his best friend Mike for help!

"Hey, Mike. I got a problem." No use beating around the bush.

"What is it? Maybe I can help you." A true friend.

"Well, you see, I got two dates for Saturday night and I don't know how to get out of one of them." Think, Mike. Think.

"I get it. And I suppose you want me to take one of them off your hands." A genius!

"Yeah, would you? I'll let you take your pick." Anything for a friend.

"Okay, I guess so."

For he's a jolly good fellow; for he's a jol . . .

After school Danny returns home. A lack of funds. However, Friday there's usually a good game down the ball field which he'll be able to join. Suddenly his plans go awry:

As soon as he enters the house Mother sings out:

"Oh Danny. When you finish your milk, I want you to sweep the front steps."

"But Mom . . ."

"No buts. Do it."

Danny is down but still fighting. "Why can't Harriet do it?"

"Harriet's a girl and girls don't sweep steps."

Danny, splashing around to avoid drowning, retaliates with, "Then how come you do all the housework?"

"Only because you're not here to help me."

Glub, glub.

Soon Danny has a neat pile of dust collected at the bottom of the steps. This he gently pushes out onto the street—all over his sister.

"You idiot! All over my skirt."

"Take it easy. Anyways, the skirt looks better now."

"You little brat," yells Harriet, grabbing the broom and beating poor Danny to a pulp.

"Help!!!"

The American Teenager enjoys privacy once in a while, especially on a date. For this reason we will now leave Danny Dovers to face his problems alone. Danny, on behalf of the scientists of the world

we wish to thank you for your co-operation and assistance in the making of this report.

What you have just read may one day go down in history as an important scientific breakthrough. The publishers and editors wish to thank all those involved in writing this report. To the American Teenager we say good luck. You need it.

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## A Toy's Existence

*(Mighty Fate ascends the stage . . . a casual bow  
This is all third or fourth nature to her now.  
After the dry applause, when her sisters have sat down,  
The curtains open and down drops the clown.)*

*"Ladies, I am man and may I protest this tyranny?  
For this task, monkey and jackass have finally chosen me.  
I don't need you to hold the strings upon my back!  
For self-support is one thing man will never lack!"*

*"You, you sometimes evil, sometimes revelling vixen!  
Is man forever to be held beneath your jurisdiction?  
Freedom is something which never comes too late!  
Is man but the marionette of mighty Fate?"*

*"Why does man bother to exist? What purpose for life  
If not he but you will decide what joy and what strife?  
One day I am happy, the next I am melancholy,  
For you have plotted it thus . . . Man's Folly!"*

*"You will keep silent, you foolish clown!  
You have turned our smile to a frown!  
Man is our toy! To do with what we please!  
You are our toy! Your task is but to appease!"*

*The clown is distraught. There are no longer any hopes.  
He raises his wooden legs to jump . . . Fate gropes! !  
No use! ! Strings snap! ! . . . down from the stage as if nothing had ever mattered  
(And onto the distant floor . . . completely shattered.)*

TRUE MAN AWAKENS SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF HIS SHATTERING DREAM.  
HOW SILLY TO HIM DOES THE IDEA OF FATE NOW SEEM!  
"HOW DIFFERENT AND HOW WONDERFUL IS THE PROSPECT I HAVE TO RELATE!  
MAN! LISTEN! MAN, YOU ARE FATE!"

— David Bossio, '66



# THE DEATH OF KINGS

David Bossio '66

*"For God's sake let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings"*

**King Richard II.** Act III. Scene II.

THERE WAS a resounding of footsteps upon the marble floor as the advisors hurried down the palace corridor.

The aged King turned in his stately bed. He was clothed in drabness. He was surrounded by walls of darkness, highlighted only here and there by large windows bordered in colorlessness.

The bronze door to the chamber was pushed open and a mass of black cloaks swirled to the King's bedside.

The cloaks were worn by a small group of young men who served as advisors to the King. Now they appeared agitated and tense. But before they would disturb the sleeping monarch, they turned their youthful faces upon his countenance, invaded by numerous rivulets of wrinkles, the scourge of time.

"It must be done today," one of them whispered hoarsely.

Their reason for coming was plain.

"Must we explain first? Or shall we be sudden?"

Their plan was definite.

"Just wait for the right moment!"

They were going to kill the King.

The King opened his eyes and surveyed the puerile faces which hovered above him.

"Good morning, your Majesty," greeted Jacques. He was perhaps the one who possessed the greatest amount of certainty as to why he was there.

The next to greet the monarch was Byron who only knew that he was there because Jacques had persuaded him that the King was a man to be feared.

"The King is an impious man! The King is an apathetic man! And that, my good friend, is the greatest sin a King can commit."

Collins believed that the King was the source of all that was wrong in the realm and that in order to preserve the existence of the kingdom on a level where it could function at maximum efficiency it would have to be weeded of all that was bad . . . the King.

The result of all this reasoning? The King would have to die.

"How goes the war, my young friends?" asked the Monarch as he forced himself from bed.

Jacques answered.

"There was another battle this morning."

"Where is that damned servant!" interjected the Ruler.

The effect of this bellow was the scurrying entrance of a scrawny youth who served as the King's personal valet.

"Boy, get my things ready!" The mighty Monarch walked to the wash basin.

"Now, Jacques, what was that you said about another battle?"

"Early this morning two hundred and fifty of our men died on the fields near Langston." There was disgust in Jacques' voice.

His Most Imperial Majesty dunked his head into the basin.

"Two hundred and fifty," Jacques repeated silently.

The Mighty King withdrew his head. The valet scrambled to help in the drying process.

"Two hundred and fifty at Langston?" garbled the Potentate. "Isn't that where they fought yesterday?"

Collins replied.

"No, sire, that was at Bansbury. Five-hundred were killed."

The servant had a bit of trouble helping the King into his robe. The Ruler's arm caught in the sleeve and stubbornly refused to go through. In an attempt to set things straight, the valet succeeded in only sending the baffled monarch around in circles.

"What's wrong with this!!!" thundered the Ruler.

"Your Majesty, the measurements aren't exact," squeaked the valet.

"Blast it!! Those peasants!!! Don't they ever do anything right! Fool!!!! Stop twirling me around!!! Get another one!!!"

The manservant was off to the closet in a flash. He returned carrying the King's new outfit.

Jacques could hardly bear the delicacy and fastidiousness with which the Monarch then dressed.

The valet sprayed a lush aroma about the Ruler. The aspect of complete indifference helped to smother whatever doubts might have been lurking in some of the assassins' minds.

"Five hundred yesterday? Two hundred and fifty today? At least we're improving." The King chuckled.

The immediate reaction was a series of piercing glances from squinted eyes.

Realizing the unfavorable effect his last statement had made, the King tried to reconcile himself with:

"Bloody brutes!! Damn bloody!!"

Anger scorched the handsome faces of Collins and Jacques. The King sensed that something was going wrong. He vented his disturbance on the valet.

"Get out of here, you damn nincompoop!!! And don't come back!"

Fearing for his neck and without a word or bow, the servant hurtled from the room. He forgot to close the door.

The King burst into a volley of laughter. The sight of the terrified valet had pleased him.

Then, for the first time, the youngest member of the group spoke.

"Your Majesty, when will this war end?"

All eyes darted in the direction of this young man. He was the weakest of the group. If any turned back, thought Jacques and Collins, it would be this man . . . Christophers.

"I have no idea when the blasted thing will end!!!!" retorted the Ruler.

One of the advisors started to edge his way towards the open door. It must be closed. They would try to escape detection if possible.

Christophers again:

"Your Majesty, we lose more and more ground every day. Our men are dying by the hundreds. We are fighting a losing war."

"That is so." This from Jacques.

"It is, Your Majesty," joined Byron quickly.

"Damn you all!!!! Don't you think I know it!! What do you advise? That I stop now and lose everything!!!!" He started to stomp around the room.

Christophers had an answer.

"Certainly you could reach reasonable terms with the Duchess."

"That rebellious vassal!!! Why she started the whole thing!"

The advisor was almost at the door.

"Are you going to wait for her to end it?" asked Christophers.

"You don't realize what I've gone through!!!! Close that door, someone!!! I don't want anyone else hearing this!!"

"Yes, your Majesty." The advisor closed the door. The bolt was unobtrusively slipped into place.

The King settled himself in a chair and gathered the young men around him.

"You all remember the fete at the summer palace last summer?"

There were several nods.

While the King continued, all turned again towards Christophers. Perhaps this would influence his decision. All that Jacques dreaded now was a word of sympathy . . . a show of concern . . . from the monarch.

"Well, that gathering started the whole blasted war!! Everything was going fine . . . until the Toast of Europe, the Duchess, decided to have a drink or two over her limit. . . . Well, this frame of mind brought out the worst in her . . . I have never before seen a woman conduct herself in such a degrading manner. There I was in the middle of the hall . . . greeting some guests . . . when all of a sudden she let out the loudest shriek . . . well . . . it practically shattered all the glassware!! Then she started running towards me . . . spilling vile phrases at every step!!! Anything she could remember!!! She left out nothing!!! Hardly the way for a duchess to act!!! Everyone else thought it was rather amusing! But I saw right through her. She was out to embarrass me! And she did! I hadn't the slightest intention of letting this incident go by unavenged! . . . I let her know that in so many words . . . when she had sobered up enough to understand. . . . That was the groundwork for our present misunderstanding!"

"Certainly the Duchess is in a position now to act more accordingly?"

At this point there was a forceful knocking at the door. The young faces froze.

"Go away!" roared the Monarch. Heavy footsteps faded down the corridor. The young faces relaxed.

The King continued.

"Even if she were to act accordingly . . . that would only excuse the incident at the ball. . . . How can we excuse the imprisonment of our foreign minister on false pretenses? . . . How can we excuse her continual bickering over the territorial boundaries? The answer, gentlemen, is that we can't."

"Your Majesty," started Christophers. "Certainly you could reach agreement over such trifling matters."

"Trifling!!"

Christophers again:

"Your Majesty, half the men fighting this war don't even know why they're fighting it! And not one of them is responsible for it!! Yet they have to die any-

way! Give them a chance!! Let them go! End this foolish dispute!"

"Foolish!"

"Yes!" Christophers was becoming impatient.

"Ha!! Those soldiers realize that their King needs them! They are simply . . ."

"It's an ugly, foolish, stupid war!!! Dreamt up by you and a couple of other old fools who sit in a room all day playing war! Why don't you put on some armor, mount a horse and fight!! Other Kings have done it!"

"And get myself killed!"

There was a pause. Everyone traded glances. Christophers rested his hands on the back of a chair. The King started pacing the room.

"Why is it that they who are never responsible for wars are inevitably the ones who must always fight them?"

"That's enough from you, Christophers!!!" The King was being attacked verbally from all sides. He stammered around the room. He regretted having mentioned the Duchess. He was confused. He sought refuge.

"They fight so that a selfish old man may seek revenge on an alcoholic old termagent!"

"Christophers, you're a fool. Go." The King fairly whispered this. He was frightened now . . . frightened by the aspects of the young men. He continued searching for a refuge.

Christophers was raging.

"Old man!! Stop it!"

Collins and Jacques knew that Christophers was now undeniably with them.

The King rushed to the door and found it locked. He gave no thought as to why it was locked. Neither did he try to open it. He was too totally confused.

"He's yours, Christophers! Now is the moment!"

Christophers was staggered by the thought for a moment.

He finally relented.

"You're right!"

The King dashed across the room and submerged his head for a soak in the basin.

There was a glimmer of metal from amidst the cloaks.

The Monarch raised his head. The beads of water on his eyelids reflected the blinding flashes. The knives soared into the air in a flash and plummetted into the King's body. The Monarch stag-

gered and then groped for support as the blades continued to rise in a surge and then dive into the body. The flesh was torn, ripped apart . . . joints cracked . . . bones snapped . . . as the Most Powerful Monarch crashed to the floor in all his finery.

And all around the world that day Kings began to die.

The footsteps were slower and much more forced this time as the advisors neared the chamber door.

The King slept soundly.

There was a knock at the door.

The King opened his eyes, swept back the colorful blanket which covered him, and beckoned:

"Come in."

A group of elderly men took positions around the young Monarch's bed.

The valet entered and opened the brightly-colored draperies. A surge of brightness pervaded the room.

"Your Majesty, your father's assassins have been hanged."

"That is good news. Was there any resistance?"

"Only one, your Majesty. Byron. But he was soon put under control."

"Good."

The valet turned to look at them. How little they knew about the entire thing, he thought.

"Your Queen has just given birth to a baby boy."

The King smiled. But it was a sad smile.

He looked at the hoary faces around him, at their utter lifelessness, and he knew that he was, for the moment, safe.

But he could not help thinking back to the evening he had spent with the assassins in their cell. How young their faces were. How unashamed they were of what they had done. How death seemed not to move them at all.

"How is the war developing?"

"We are losing more ground each day, your Majesty."

"They have attacked our southern border."

"Well, send some more men. And keep on sending them. We have to win this war. Now leave me alone."

The advisors bowed and left.

"Close those drapes! Come back later."

The valet did as ordered and left.

The young monarch went back to sleep.

THE END

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Gray-blue waves grinding harshly on the shore:  
Each toss of spray, each ripple cringing back  
Sobs its incessant, foamy cries of grief,  
Fading into the night and resolving into  
moist, black nothingness.  
I trespass alone on this desolate shore—  
On these eternal grains of sand and earth.  
I see them, helpless, yielding to the sea;  
And this—its wastes, depths, shores, and  
denizens—  
Itself is subject to that goddess of night  
Whom heavenly bonds forever must restrain.  
So is her captor held, and so is all.  
I look to heaven, and the omniscient stars  
Wink and titter at my mortal plight.  
I look down at earth—and at this hellish  
world.

## Driftwood

*And I laugh!*

*A bitter, frenzied cry of gloated glee!  
My heart rejoices in this common fate.  
And yet it is frozen by the chill of fear . . .  
By the all-pervading gloom of an abyss  
Forever hidden from the light of man . . .*

*I sense the uselessness of my lament—  
It never will be heard by reasoning minds.  
I leave behind my fellow travelers;  
Our foggy paths may some day cross again.  
Now, I walk on, not knowing where, or why.  
But only that I must.*

— Kenneth Bechis '66

*I thrive in my scholarly bent,  
and shade the Book in hoary light,  
and brave these shadows of my scholarly room  
and brave my Glass as far as the Page  
and deeper still, and deeper still, and fend myself  
against my Rage; I scorn my face, I've lost the beauty  
of mind.  
My mind must live the remembering now,  
for time moves through this awing present,  
and this present is constantly still. There stands  
high in my shelf a volume of dynasties to fill the heart  
of my mountain of joy. I walk with my volumes feeling  
the precious heft in my arms but ask the walls where  
is the beauty of mind. There shoot from the wall an eternity  
of images, filling my eye these prayers of sight leave  
in my head The Image, vague and fleeting, and  
all will be peace . . .  
and all will be peace if only I yield and die  
in this wonder, for born again I lose It, the beauty of mind.  
For my death is the melding of mind without body  
to Image fleeting; the prayer of sight never conceived  
or painted was born on the Dawn of my mind.  
And now in this time I live for my wonder  
and live till my wonder is seen.*

## Scholar Of My Soul

—G Gopal Sukhu '67

*Slowly, slowly the tide ebbs . . .  
At last my destiny unfolds —  
My last hope a burning hulk  
Sinking in glory with the sun.*

## The Oarsman's Nightmare

*Robbed of security, counsel, companion,  
I set my course again and again; guided by His hand  
To search familiar horizons; no comfort from the despair of night, while  
Locked away in insatiable darkness my calendar untwines.*

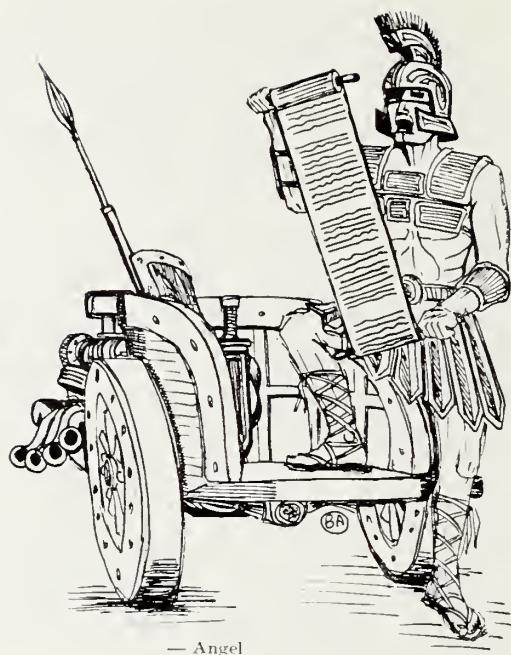
*The air smacks; started to wakefulness I turn.  
The cold night dissipates, rekindling in me a spark  
Primed by a wanton sun regaling in the essence of man —  
Awakening from its slumber to lift the shadows . . .  
I start again, hope and consciousness analogous.*

*The horizon clouds; left with my future behind me,  
My past before me, I beat a rhythm with the churning waves,  
Anxiety vanquished by sweat . . .  
And in the silence of the shrieking gull's cry, I pray —  
No want so great as the love of life.*

*The fog rolls; darkness enfolds me in its misty vapor,  
Caresses me with its blanket of sleep.  
Finally a lamp leads me, lulls me through the mist,  
For now it is my turn to rest; to dream no more . . .*

John Azzone '66

# EDITORIALS



## THE DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE

NEVER BEFORE has there been so much discussion on the problems of learning and teaching and never before have governments at the local, state, and national levels been so eager to encourage education. Remedial and speed reading, and programmed learning in both English and mathematics have become an integral part of our school system. Parent and teacher associations are straining themselves to improve schools. And if there is a lack of money, the government is ready to fill the need.

But so much effort to make learning easier has been expended that a basic concept has been obscured; learning is primarily a movement of the will toward the acquisition of knowledge. Anyone who has ever studied knows this to be an incontrovertible fact. There is no learning without desire and effort.

Today, however, many — especially the underprivileged — mistake this preoccupation with learning aids as a substitute for learning. Some think that learning will come easily, and that money will make it come more easily. They are mistaken.

Years ago the schoolboy was expected to want to learn without any prodding. He had the necessary equipment: a pencil, a ruler, a few books, paper — and the desire. In most cases this system worked, and despite its crudeness many a genuine scholar emerged.

Today, we are constantly being reminded that new textbooks are necessary, that new buildings are essential and that new methods of teaching should be explored. People have forgotten that some of the best educations were achieved in the worst backdrops. All this indicates that the very basis of education, a craving for knowledge, has become secondary to mere accessories.

Whether some of the developments will be of permanent value, I do not claim to know. Time will determine this for us, but never let it be forgotten that the will to learn has been, still is, and will always be the primary element in education. We at the Latin School especially ought to remember this, since in college all instructors will presume that this desire for knowledge is present.

— Richard Drake '67

# LORDS AND MASTERS

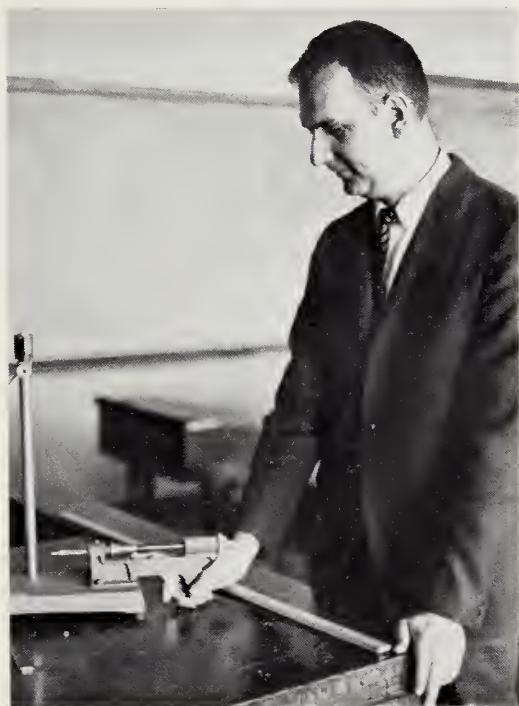
**M**R. JAMES DONOVAN, who teaches German in room 201, was born in Brighton and now lives in Medford. He attended Boston College High, where he was active on the track team and in dramatics. He received his B.A. from Boston College, and his M.A. from Boston University. His interests now include music, especially piano playing, and home repair.

Mr. Donovan has been a teacher for ten years, and he has spent all of them at Latin School. Aside from his teaching duties, he is currently the school's fiscal agent.

Mr. Donovan was privileged to spend last summer abroad, taking courses in the German language under a grant from the Federal Republic of Germany. He feels that the Latin School German program can be improved by increased use of more modern techniques, such as the Language Laboratory and oral teaching. In addition, he believes that students would receive better preparation in Ger-



Mr. Donovan



Mr. Gordon

man if they were taught conversational German instead of grammar at the beginning of their study.

Mr. Donovan believes that B.L.S. is as fine a school as one can find, and advises his students:

*"Jeder ist seines Glückes eigner Schmied."*

Every man is the architect of his own fate.

**M**R. NORMAN GORDON, who teaches Physics in room 312, was born in Boston and was graduated from Boston Latin School. He received his A.B. from Harvard in 1956 and his M.Ed. from Boston State College in 1957. From 1961 to 1964 he participated in a program at Boston College sponsored by the National Science Foundation and received a Certificate of Advanced Graduate Study in Physics. He is presently working toward a Masters degree in Physics at Northeastern University.

Mr. Gordon has been in the Boston School System for eight years: one year at Brighton High School, five years at

Boston Technical High School, and for the past two years at Boston Latin. Outside of school he is an avid tennis player, a reader of fiction and physics books, and a constant theatre-goer.

He enjoys teaching very much and finds physics an "interesting and challenging subject." He also finds that the role of a physics teacher is a unique one. "The average student is bewildered by the text and needs a detailed map through the subject. It is my function to provide that map and also to explore the

many interesting side roads."

Concerning the new Advanced Placement courses, Mr. Gordon says that the A. P. program will provide the needed stimulus to the top students. It will allow them to get a head start in the subject that interests them most.

Mr. Gordon's advice to the struggling scholar: "Whenever you are struck with that hopeless feeling, take heart and remember Vergil's famous words: '**Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit!**'"



## IN MEMORIAM

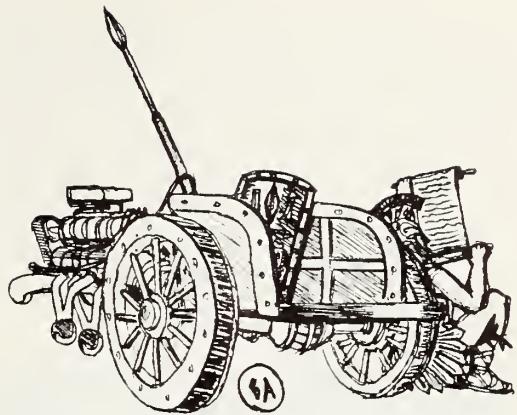
**Terra, ne gravis sis:  
illa tibi levis fuit.**

Miss Helen A. Sanbar, B.L.S. librarian since 1960, passed away on November 26, 1965. Miss Sanbar was born in Portland, Maine, received her Bachelor's degree at Colby College and her Master's degree in Library Science at Simmons College. Before coming to Latin School, she spent four years as a librarian at Newton High School. Earlier, she worked for our government for a year at the American School in Turkey, and then traveled throughout the Mediterranean area. For many years she was a member of the American Library Association, and she was the co-author of an article in their national publication, the **Library Journal**.

During Miss Sanbar's years here, the library experienced an unprecedented period of growth and change.

As we mourn her death, we may at least be grateful that we had the good fortune to have had her as our librarian for the past five years.

# Something of Interest



THE SCHOOL year began with many changes and much activity. New guidance rooms are being prepared in rooms 107 and 108, and upstairs in rooms 325, 326, and 327 Biology labs are being set up. Several innovations in the curriculum have been made this year. For seniors, Advanced Placement courses are being conducted in Latin, French, German, English, History, Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry. These classes, all with under a dozen students, give the students preparation for the Advanced Placement tests. Colleges allow those with high scores on these tests to skip freshman courses in the subjects taken. A new senior subject this year is Greek Civilization, a course teaching both the language and the literature of ancient Greece. In class III, a new history course called "Five Cultures" has been introduced. All class IV boys take the new Biology course. For Class VI, there is an enriched English program, in mythology, the psalms, and BLS history for three periods each per week.

This fall the **Register** and the **Liber Actorum** were once again given certificates for "Highest Achievement in High School Journalism" by the New England Scholastic Press Association. The awards were given at the conclusion of a two-day conference at Boston University's George Sherman Union. During the weekend, our editors attended sessions on different aspects of writing, reporting, editing, design, photography, and organization.

The Victory Club did a superb job during the football season by selling tickets, printing posters, and successfully encouraging school support for the team.

As a result of the club's hard work, attendance at the games this year was higher than ever before.

**Kudos Kolumn.** Christopher Moore of class III is editor of the South End Boys' Club newspaper . . . Craig Yorke has been named a finalist in the Negro Scholarship Fund Contest. This year's National Honor Society officers are: Eugene Breger, President; Joe Baugh, Vice President; Danny Hurley, Secretary; and Steve Paris, Treasurer. The following sixteen seniors have been selected as semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Competition: Kenneth Bechis, Gary Chamberlain, Michael Cramer, Steven Cushing, Alfred DeSimone, Steven Karp, Mitchell Kertzman, Charles Manski, Edward McGaffigan, Saul Rubin, Gerald Showstack, William Strickland, Marc Weinberg, Craig Yorke, Phillip Zunder, and Aron Zysow.

Several seniors spent their summers participating in valuable educational programs. At Harvard Summer School, Howard Possick and Gary Chamberlain studied Calculus. William Strickland took Group Theory at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio. Kenneth Bechis, David Chin, Jeffrey Dennis, and Craig Yorke took various science courses at Thayer Academy in Braintree. Steven Cushing took several mathematics and philosophy courses at the University of North Dakota. In addition, at the Summer Institute of Linguistics at the University, he took two courses entitled "Tagmemic Morphology and Syntax" and "Transformational Grammar". This year he is auditing two graduate courses in the M.I.T. Linguistics Department.

On October 27, 24 BLS students acted as victims in the Peter Bent Brigham Disaster Drill. Real ambulances speeded the "injured" and "dead" students to the Brigham, where they were taken to the emergency wards and treated. The test was administered by the hospital as part of their annual check-up of their alertness in the event of a local disaster. For their cooperation, the students received a free supper and the thanks of the hospital administration.



BLS students in disaster drill

During the summer seven BLS Explorer Scouts took a three-week trip to Bremerhaven Germany via a U.S. Army transport ship. The seven overseas voyagers were John Mahony, '65, Paul Heffron of class I, William Ashforth, Anthony Buono, Lawrence DiCara, and Gerald Katz of class II, and Thomas Mahony of class III.

At the first Public Declamation on November 5, Paul Schlosberg placed first, Lawrence DiCara, Stephen Landrigan, and Richard Curtis tied for second place, and Christopher Kennedy placed third . . . Ed Baird and Bill Matveychuk met Miss Debbie Watson, star of ABC's *Tammy*, at a press conference at WNAC studios . . . On October 27, BLS placed second (after Brookline) out of nine schools in the first math meet of the season . . . Steven Cushing is on the Executive Board of the National Ethical Youth Organization, and attended their November conference in New Jersey . . . Dean Wolrich of Northeastern University spoke to the Key Club on October 22 about cooperative education . . . Charles Butler, President of the Suffolk University

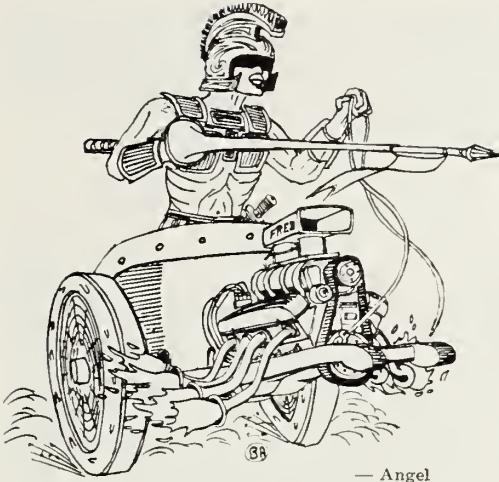
Debating Society, spoke to the BLS Debating Society on college debating . . . Ralph DiMatta, a former topnotch debater at Boston College, addressed the Society on "Debating from a Judge's Point of View" . . . Herman Samick, a C.P.A., spoke to the Professional Club on accounting as a career . . . About twenty advanced and Advanced Placement physics students toured the Western Electric plant in Andover . . . John Azzone, John Philbrook, and Saul Rubin attended the Globe High School Editors Conference on November 18. The speaker, Mr. Kenneth O'Donnell, former Appointments Secretary at the White House and now a probable gubernatorial candidate, spoke on the Kennedy administration. During the question period, he was generally evasive, refusing to take stands on such issues as the sales tax and other state issues.

**Spotlight on Clubs: Philosophy.** Although it is one of the most recently established school organizations, the Philosophy Club has already gained considerable momentum. Working toward the goal of "Instilling and cultivating an interest in philosophy in its members", the club provides a valuable opportunity for Latin School students to learn more about philosophy through discussions and lectures on many aspects of the subject. Some recent topics have been Taoism, Zen Buddhism, and religious theology. These activities take place during bi-weekly meetings, in an atmosphere which is both friendly and intellectually stimulating.

#### Famous Alumni

**Malcom A. MacIntyre, '25,** graduated from Yale in 1929. After this, he went to Oxford University on a Rhodes fellowship. During the Second World War, he served in the U.S. Army Air Transport Command. In 1957 he was appointed Under Secretary of the Air Force. Two years later he became President of Eastern Air Lines. While in this position, he innovated the well-known Air Shuttle flights. Since 1964 he has been Vice Chairman of the Bunker-Ramo Corporation.

— Saul Rubin '66



— Angel

# SPORTS

## FOOTBALL

### LATIN vs. TRADE

After defeating East Boston High in the Jamboree game 18-6, Latin faced a determined Trade team, anxious to avenge last year's 40-0 loss to the Purple. After a rocky start, the clearly superior Latin team coasted to an easy victory.

After receiving the opening kickoff, Trade could not move against the tough Latin defense and was forced to punt. The two teams exchanged the football with neither team mounting any serious scoring threat until midway in the second period, when Al Magliaro initiated a Latin scoring drive with an interception. Latin, marching down the field on the strong arm of quarterback Vin Costello and the sure hands of halfbacks Linc Pope and Steve John, culminated their drive with a fourth down, fourteen to go touchdown pass, Costello to Gallagher. With time running out in the first half, however, Trade scored with a long bomb, and made a successful conversion attempt to take the halftime lead 8-6. A real upset was in the making.

It was a fired-up Latin team which left the locker room to start the third period. The Purple dominated the third period, but were still unable to score.



*Costello fires the long bomb*

Early in the fourth period, however, the irrepressible Latin offense clicked again, and again it was Bill Gallagher for the Latin score, this time putting Latin ahead to stay. With four minutes left in the ball game, Latin's Scottie Guild showed the city's football fans a glimpse of things to come when he raced seventy-five yards with a Trade punt for a touchdown, only to have the play called back because of a holding infraction. The psychological damage was done; however, the Purple had Trade on the run: with



*Jack Burns makes the reception*

seconds left on the clock, Guild again dashed through the Trade defenders for the score. This time it meant six points for Latin. Linc Pope then slammed off tackle for the two-point conversion, and what proved to be the final scoring play of the game. Final score: Latin 20-Trade 8.

#### LATIN vs. SOUTH BOSTON

Coming off its victory over Trade, Latin met District League champion South Boston in what was expected to be one of the major obstacles facing the strong Latin squad. A throng of Latin supporters, led by the Victory Club, saw Latin run over a highly-touted Southie team.

After exchanging punts, Latin, carried on the swift legs of Charley Leoney and Linc Pope, found itself camped on the South Boston fifteen yard line. Two carries later, fullback Charley Leoney carried the ball across the goal line for the team's first score. His running-mate, Linc Pope, plunged over the middle for the conversion, giving Latin a first period lead of 8-0.

The second period saw the Southie offense stiffen against the assaults of the Purple scoring machine, stymieing Latin's

several scoring attempts. The poorly-balanced South Boston attack was no match for Latin's defensive stalwarts, as neither team scored in the second period.

In the third quarter, Latin recovered a Southie fumble, but failed to cash in on their opportunity. After a Steve John interception, however, Latin marched relentlessly toward the South Boston goal-line, and scored on a fourteen yard draw play by Linc Pope which caught the entire Southie defense flatfooted. Pope, the standout in the Purple attack, edged over for the two-point conversion which gave Latin an impressive sixteen point lead.

Again South Boston could not pierce the stiff Latin defense and was forced to punt. After signalling a fair catch, Charley Leoney was tackled by an over-anxious Southie defender for a fifteen yard penalty in favor of Latin. After several fine runs by Linc Pope, running from the halfback slot, Scottie Guild scampered around end for nineteen yards and the final Latin score. With a twenty-two point bulge, Latin's fine second team ran out the clock under the able leadership of quarterback John Ryan. Final score: Latin 22, South Boston 0.

### LATIN vs. TECHNICAL

Once again, Latin fared well against one of the City League's better teams. The first period, although scoreless, was highlighted by the great running of Latin's Captain, Jack Burns, and halfback Eric Grey. Grey, always a stickout defensive player, also intercepted a Tech pass and turned it into a nifty forty-six yard return.

The strong Purple defense held Tech scoreless while the sputtering Latin offense tried to come out of its stupor. After taking a short punt on the Tech thirty-seven yard line, the Latin offense capitalized on its first big break of the game. Vin Costello wasted no time as he pitched out to his swift fullback Scottie Guild, who made it look easy as he fled around left end for the score. Big Eric Grey then slashed across for the two-point conversion. The defensive line, backboned by the savage play of Ed McDonald, was an insurmountable obstacle to the Tech offense for the rest of the half. With thirty seconds left to play in the half, Eric Grey intercepted his second Technical aerial. With such a short time remaining, Latin could not gather the impetus to drive across for another score, and the Purple left the field at half-time leading 8-0.

After a scoreless third period which saw Tech's defense repulsing Latin's determined scoring thrusts, a Technical punt found its way into the eagerly waiting arms of speedster Scottie Guild, who took the ball at the mid-field stripe and raced into the end zone for the score. Credit good running and excellent blocking for this Latin score. Charley Leoney scored Latin's final two points with his successful rush for the conversion. An interception by the alert Ed Holland saved a touchdown for Latin, as the only points scored by Tech were made on a safety. But by this time the game was out of Tech's reach. The final score: Latin in 16, Technical 2.

### LATIN vs. DORCHESTER

At the time of Latin's confrontation with Dorchester, traditionally the doormat of both the District and City Leagues, Dot's string of defeats was even longer than that of Latin's victories. With this fact in mind, Coach Smith gave the first team a well-deserved rest after a short first-period workout; Dorchester was no

match for even Latin's second and third teams.

In the first period, after fine runs by Burns, Leoney, and Guild, fullback Charley Leoney bulled his way up the middle for four yards and the first Latin touchdown, and ran for the conversion, giving Latin a quick eight point bulge. The Purple defense, led by Gene Ferris, who is certainly one of the outstanding defensive ends in the state, stopped the Dot offense cold. With a first down at his own thirty-three, Scottie Guild sprinted around left end and outran the Dorchester secondary for the score. Pope converted, making the score 16-0 in Latin's favor.



*Ed McDonald with the tackle*

Latin's only scoring in the second period came on a Lincoln Pope touchdown and a Gerry Sarno conversion. In the closing seconds of this period, Dot avoided a shutout with its only score of the day, a pass and run which accounted for sixty yards and a score. At the half it was all Latin, 24-6.

Two plays after the Purple defense handed the ball over to the eager offensive unit, Charley Leoney rambled around left end for his second score of the game. Bill Matveychuk, Bob Small, and Jim Rose spearheaded the Latin defense which held Dot scoreless for the remainder of the game. In the closing seconds of the game, Latin quarterback "Y.

A." Russo fired to Pat Mingolletti for the final score. The final score: Latin 38, Dorchester 6.

### TIME OUT

After beating a properly-attired Brighton High team 20-6 on Halloween, a deserving Latin team found itself ranked fourth in the state, the holder of one of the longest unbeaten strings in Massachusetts. Everyone knew, however, that the two remaining games on the Purple schedule would be the toughest of the season, against B. C. High, and English.

The Victory Club members worked tirelessly to work the entire student body into an instrument of solid support behind the team. So it was that long before 2:45, Veterans' Day game time, the stands were filled with loyal Latin supporters.

### LATIN vs. B. C. HIGH

The first period was scoreless, as both teams stuck to the ground, trying to feel-out each others' defensive weaknesses. Against a much bigger B. C. High line, the Purple defensive unit valiantly held its own. Their backs to the wall close to their own goal-line, the Latin defense held their ground, but only a great play by Steve John, knocking down an almost sure touchdown pass, prevented the B. C. High score. The first period was a foreshadowing of things to come.

In the second period, B. C. High, constantly trying the Purple's left end, marched from the Latin forty-four in eleven plays for a score. Latin, however, was far from dead. Burns and Leoney made substantial gains for the Purple, but it was obvious from the start that Latin's usually well-balanced and consistent attack was lacking. B. C. High scored what was to be the final points of the game late, in the second period, when a forward pass almost picked off by Eric Grey bounced off one of the Latin defenders' hands into the waiting arms of an alert B. C. High end.

Latin dominated the second half, but still could not put a passing attack similar to that of last year, which gained for them an 8-8 tie in this same Veterans' Day Game. The game ended with the Purple desperately trying to connect on that "long bomb" which would get them back into the game. Final score: B. C. High 14, Latin 0.

### Latin vs. English

The Thanksgiving Day Latin-English game provided a thrilling finish for the 1965 season. Latin, playing at full strength, overpowered the bigger English team and evened up the seventy-nine year old series at thirty-three games apiece. Latin also captured second place in the City League by defeating English.

Latin scored early in the game after forcing English to punt on its first set of downs. With a third and seven situation at the Latin twenty-eight, Vinny Costello threw to Gerry Sarno on the Latin forty-one for a first down. Jack Burns then ran off tackle and was tackled by his face-mask, moving the ball to the English thirty-five. Two plays later, Jack fought off a series of English tacklers and ran all the way in from the thirty-one. The conversion attempt failed, and the score stood at 6-0 after five-and-a-half minutes of play. The Latin defense again stopped English cold with tackles by Ed McDonald and Ed Holland and pass coverage by Eric Grey and Steve John. Latin received the ball on an English punt but was forced to give it back the same way four downs later. The defense held again, and on a third and five play, Al Magliaro intercepted an English pass and ran it back to the English eighteen. Scottie Guild drove up the middle to the five, but, as the period ended, Latin was stopped at the goal line by the tough English defense. The same happened late in the second period as the center of the English defensive line withstood Latin's attack on the one yard line. The rest of the first half was scoreless.

Latin kicked off to begin the second half, and quickly got the ball back on a fumble at the English forty-one. On a series of fantastic offensive efforts by Jack Burns, Charley Leoney, and Scottie Guild, Burns scored from the two, capping a scoring drive of fifty-nine yards in twelve plays. The conversion attempt was stopped again, and the score was Latin 12, English 0 with six minutes left in the period. The defense, headed by Gene Ferris, Charlie Powers, and Al Magliaro, held English for the remainder of the third period.

The fourth period saw an early English score when the Blue and Blue scored from the two for its first touchdown. English also missed the two-point conversion,

and the score was 12-6. The English kickoff then resulted in the most thrilling play of the game. Scottie Guild took the kick on his own thirteen, and ran straight up the middle of the field for a score. The blocking was so perfect that not one English player came within ten yards of Scottie during his sprint downfield. Latin, having difficulty making its conversions, again failed from the three, but still held an 18-6 lead over English. The defense held, with the blitzing of end Gene Ferris throwing English for consistent losses, and forcing the now Black and Blue team to punt. Three plays later, Coach Smith sent "Y. A." Russo into the game at half-back. Costello pitched the ball to Russo who heaved it downfield into Bill Gallagher's arms. Gallagher then outran his defender for the last Latin score. English scored once again, but the game was out of reach, ending with Jack Burns, the

game's most valuable player, making an interception on the final play of the game. The final score was Latin 24, English 12.

The spirit of the team and the student body was phenomenal. Jack Burns, the Latin captain, worked tirelessly on both offense and defense, scoring two of the four Latin touchdowns. Other standouts who sparked the Latin team to victory were Gene Ferris, Al Magliaro, Ed Holland, Charlie Powers, Eric Grey, Steve John, Charlie Leoney, Linc Pope, Scottie Guild, and Gerry Sarno. The coaching staff of Messrs. Smith, Sanford, Conley, and Callahan should also be commended for their hard work not only in this game, but throughout the football season. Every player and coach gave all he had to bring victory to the Purple for the second Thanksgiving in a row.

## SOCER

This year, bad luck has plagued our soccer team incessantly. The hustle, determination and individual performances have been amazing, but the B.L.S. team have yet to win.

The season opened with a home-and-home series against Lynnfield. The first game, at Franklin Field, was a discouraging one for Latin. The first quarter went by scoreless. In the next quarter, however, the opposing offense came charging down the field and Latin's defense pulled up to meet it. When a goal attempt was finally made, the ball rebounded crazily off of a Latin defender's leg into the unprotected area near the sideline. The alert Lynnfield offense capitalized on this break and slipped a shot into the corner of the goal. Aside from this incident, Latin dominated the game in all respects, with goalie Peter Fisher playing an outstanding game.

The score of the second Lynnfield game was again 1-0 in Lynnfield's favor. Lynnfield, playing on its home field, scored this time in the first quarter on the same play that brought them victory in the first match. The Latin defense of Jacobs, Brown, and Lauterbach did an excep-

tional job in halting Lynnfield's powerful fullback. The all-around ability of Dashawetz and Cheah has also been instrumental in the improving Latin offense and defense.



*Latin on the move*

The traditional game with our private School counterpart, Roxbury Latin, a determined, but small Latin squad outplayed a well-coached Roxbury Latin team. The only score of the game came midway through the first quarter on a perfectly-placed "lead-ball". The ball

eluded goalie Peter Fisher. Even though Latin fought against the depth of Roxbury Latin, the old problem of scoring once again plagued the Latin offense. Despite the power and depth of the Roxbury Latin squad, Latin produced many fine plays and Jacobs on defense prevented any other serious threats by Roxbury Latin. Peter Fisher once more showed his capabilities in the goal and

is considered by many to be good college-soccer material.

Next spring, special training sessions will be initiated for all boys wishing to learn the game of soccer in preparation for the autumn season. The main problem of depth, which has plagued Latin over the years, will in this way be somewhat overcome, and a winning season be guaranteed.

## CREW

This year, the Latin crew succeeded in rising from its perennial third place finish in the League. Despite the harsh weather, a hardy group of rowers faithfully worked out each day under the watchful eye of Coach Vara. Since many of last years lettermen had not returned, the team was quite inexperienced. However, the daily workouts helped develop the Latin crew into a smoothly functioning unit.

The hard work payed off, and Latin finished a strong second behind Technical in the first race. Latin was very strong in the second race, but the regular coxswain was ill, and his replacement called "Easy all" before the boat had crossed the finish line. While the boys were congratulating each other, Trade slipped by for an undeserved second place. There was a football game at White Stadium on the day of the third race and Trade could not produce enough men to enter a boat. English, too, was shorthanded, but came within a few yards of catching Technical's regular first boat.



*Crew practice begins*

The team was greatly encouraged by its Fall showing, and hopes to do even better in the Spring meets.

Special recognition is due to Brennan, Baird, Zunder, Dolan, Jordan, Azzone, Stabers, Berzinis, Gottwald, and to Mr. Vara, for their tireless efforts in behalf of Latin crew.

## SWIMMING TEAM

The outlook for this year's swimming team seems to be fairly bright. A lot of work by the entire squad and many individual performances have combined to help make up the deficiencies caused by the loss of a number of last season's lettermen. The eleven lettermen left from

last year will be the team's backbone in what is felt will be a good season. Among those returning are Mike Donahue, who won the diving event at the Eastern Massachusetts Meet last year, and Pete Ryan, who set a new school record of 1:06 for the 100 yard breaststroke. With

this year's team, Coach Powers believes that he will be able to win at least ten of the High School meets and give the freshman teams from Brown, MIT, Tufts, and the Coast Guard Academy a good fight. Of course, the State Meet at Bridgewater on February 26 will be the real test. There Latin will have to compete with teams from all over the state. The 1965-66 schedule is:

**DECEMBER**

- 1 Huntington YMCA
- 11 Brown Freshmen
- 15 MIT Freshmen
- 17 Tufts Freshmen

- 23 Cranston
- 29 Leominster

**JANUARY**

- 3 Brockton
- 12 Wellesley
- 19 Waltham
- 21 Malden
- 28 Brookline

**FEBRUARY**

- 2 Moses Brown
- 11 Catholic Memorial
- 16 Andover
- 19 Eastern Mass.
- 24 Coast Guard
- 26 State Meet

## CROSS COUNTRY

This year's cross-country team was one of the best in recent years. After defeating Dorchester and Trade in the first meet, Latin met an improving English squad, and with Carey, Paige, Duclos, Fournier, and McNamee placing well, beat the Blue and Blue decisively. In the next meet, the Purple were narrowly outrun by defending champ Technical.

A week later in the City Meet, Latin once more showed its ability by clobbering English, but still placed second to a strong Technical squad. In the big meet of the year, the Regimentals, Latin's showing was impressive. Paige, Duclos, and Carey took third, fourth, and sixth places respectively. This, however, was not enough, as once again Latin came in second place behind technical.

Although hampered by the loss of co-captains Ken Paige and Steve Duclos, and seniors Pete Judge, Bob McNamee, and Andy Warren, next year's squad will give Tech stiff competition for the City Crown. The returning lettermen Carey, Hachikian, Fournier, Brent, Snyder, and



*Paige, Duclos, and Carey*

Heneberry should give Coach Fielding another outstanding team. Congratulations are due to Coach Fielding for his patience and valuable assistance.

# The Register's Raving Reporter



**Sept. 9:** Ye R.R.R. has decided to start the year with a quotation from one of America's great patriots:

"The pun is mightier than the sword." The patriot, of course, was Thomas Pun.

**Sept. 10:** Overheard in 117:

Master: John, what part did Lexington play in the Revolutionary War?

Vector: That was where we Concord the British.

**Sept. 13:** Overheard:

Sixie: Just what is crew, anyway?

Senior: Something found by Charlie Chan at scene of crime.

**Sept. 14:** After trying to get a drink from one of the fountains, Ye R.R.R. suggests that they all be christened "Old Faceful".

**Sept. 15:** Centaurs were first seen when a Jove-ial Athenian laughed himself horse. This happened about thirty centauries ago.

**Sept. 16:** Overheard in 316:

Stud.: Sir, what do you think is the answer?

Sir: I don't think; I know!

Stud.: I don't think you know either.

**Sept. 17:** Ye R.R.R. would like to submit the following literary gem for careful analysis by the A.P. German class:

"Ist das nicht ein wun way street?"

Ja, das ist ein wun way street!

Wun way street? Don't you cheat — Or we take car, und you use feet!"

**Sept. 20:** Advice to would-be Ichari: "There's a wrong way and there's a Wright way."

**Sept. 21:** The Debating Society should have some interesting sessions this year. The topic under discussion is "Should belly dancers go to navel academies?"

**Sept. 22:** Overheard in 101:

Master: Jones, why did you bring string and paper to class?

Jones: You said to listen with wrapped attention.

**Sept. 23:** Overheard in 106:

Miss Tailor, to boy with torn pants: Euripides?

Boy with torn pants: Yes, Eumenides?

**Sept. 24:** Ho Chi Minh has received a new title from party leaders. From now on he is to be known as "King Cong".

**Sept. 27:** A hermit lived on an island whose only other inhabitants were a flock of terns. The poor hermit was constantly bothered by these silly birds and decided to get rid of them by stoning them to death (Of all the gull!). But, alas, unknown to the hermit, one of the little terns survived and, returning to the hermit's cave during the night, killed him.

- Moral: Never leave a tern unstoned.
- Sept. 28:** Except for the final incident in yesterday's antidote, the surviving tern was actually a good little tern. But, alas and alack (Or is it "alas and a laddie?"), his parents had been killed by the hermit and he was left all alone in the world (Where else?). Nevertheless (but sometimes themore), when people heard what a good little tern this good little tern was, he was quickly adopted and lived happily ever after. Because, as everyone knows one good tern deserves a mother.
- Sept. 29:** Overheard in 114:
- Master: Who was the British general who ordered the evacuation of Boston?
- Student: Howe should I know?  
(When he heard this answer, the Master chased the Student down the corridor with a twelve-Gage shot-gun.)
- Sept. 30:** A cowboy was seen riding his horse with an Indian sitting behind him. When asked what the Indian was doing there, the cowboy replied: "I get better traction with an Injun in the rear."
- Oct. 1:** Notice in Bulletin:  
Boys are reminded that spilling a Master's coffee while buying his lunch is grounds for censure.
- Oct. 4:** Sign outside Angell Memorial Hospital Zone — No Barking
- Oct. 5:** Overheard:  
"It's cold outside, shut the window!"  
"That'll make it warm outside?"
- Oct. 6:** Chiropractor to patient:  
"It's going to rain. I can feel it in your bones."
- Oct. 7:** Ye R.R.R. has given up rowboating. He's afraid he may crash and fracture his scull.
- Oct. 8:** Overheard in 133:  
Master: Why did Marco Polo return to Europe from China?  
Student: Because he got fleeced in a Kahn game?
- Oct. 11:** Esoteric joke of the day, no. 2:  
"What disease can you get from walking barefoot in the art museum?"  
"Aesthete's foot, of course."
- Oct. 13:** Ye R.R.R. wonders how there could have been so many changes in B.L.S. during the past year. Well, where there's a will, there's a way.
- Oct. 14:** Hot lunches will no longer be served in the cafeteria. The kitchen was almost completely destroyed when one of the cooks went stir-crazy.
- Oct. 15:** "What does a pig use when he cuts himself?"  
"Oinkment, what else?"
- Oct. 18:** Overheard:  
Master: Abel, is there another source of sugar besides cane?  
Abel: Beets me!
- Oct. 19:** Overheard after school:  
Mother: What did you learn in school today?  
Son: It couldn't have been much. I have to go back tomorrow. (Guess that Sun wasn't too bright.)
- Oct. 20:** The final words of Ye R.R.R. upon graduation:  
"I came, I saw, I conked out."
- Oct. 21:** "Doctor! Doctor! My daughter is at Death's door. Come and pull her through!"
- Oct. 22:** Ye R.R.R. is planning to be the editor of the Harvard humor magazine next year. Of course its name will first have to be changed to the Lampun.
- Oct. 25:** A certain Mr. Valdez has achieved such a monopoly on Columbian coffee that the other growers say, "You seen Juan, you seen 'em all." Seems the others are has-beans.
- Oct. 26:** New golf club member: Why are there skunks at every green?  
Old golf club member: To make the holes pew and far between, of course.
- Oct. 27:** Overheard in 335 at approximately 4:30 P.M.:  
"Factor what?!"
- Oct. 28:** German women with wandering husbands are now using Adorn to keep their Herr in place.
- Oct. 29:** Ye R.R.R. has just learned that Herman Melville was really a hematologist. Why else would he have written a book called *Typee*?
- Nov. 1:** Overheard in 218:  
"I don't want any more essays on taxicabs, boys. They're too hackneyed."
- Nov. 3:** Overheard in 407:  
"If H<sub>2</sub>O is water, what is H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>4</sub>?"  
"For drinking, what else?"
- Nov. 4:** People who brush their teeth with gunpowder are likely to go around shooting off their mouths.
- Nov. 5:** Overheard in 328:  
Master: Does anyone know how to cool a car's engine?  
Slave: By stripping the gears?
- Nov. 8:** Ye R.R.R. was so overjoyed at hearing that school was called off today on account of an MBTA strike that he cried out:  
"Sick transit, glorious Monday."

**Nov. 9:** Overheard in a psychiatrist's office:  
Doc.: Do you have trouble making up your mind?  
Pat.: Well, yes and no.

**Nov. 10:** Overheard in 318:  
Master: Boys, I've discovered a universal solvent!  
Meek voice from back of room: What are you going to keep it in?

**Nov. 12:** Ye R.R.R. was shocked to read how bad smoking is for the health. So he gave up reading.

**Nov. 15:** Overheard at orchestra rehearsal:  
Mr. F.: What's the matter, Mr. Concertmaster? You don't like my conducting?  
Mr. C.: Your conducting is inspired, Sir.  
Mr. F.: You don't like the symphony?  
Mr. C.: The symphony is the best Beethoven ever wrote.  
Mr. F.: Then why are you making such horrible faces?  
Mr. C.: I hate music!

**Nov. 16:** Isn't it rather appropriate that the nickname of Taxachusetts should be the Pay State?

**Nov. 17:** Overheard:  
Master: What animal is sacred in India?  
Fivesie: Holy cow! I can't remember!

**Nov. 18:** Did you know that Whistler almost gave up painting when he found out that his mother was off her rocker?

**Nov. 19:** Samson was the first performer ever to bring down the house for an audience of Philistines.

**Nov. 22:** Ye R.R.R. dislocated his kneecap today and was summoned before a Special Congressional Joint Committee.

**Nov. 23:** Overheard:  
Sixie: I still can't tell those twins apart.  
Senior: Oh, just stop confusing the issue!

**Nov. 29:** Ye R.R.R. has a thriving business along the Panama Canal. He sells bagels to go with the locks.

**Nov. 30:** So many boys are getting into trouble as a result of their long hair that a man's comb is now his hassle.

**Dec. 1:** The U. S. has really outdone itself this time by orbiting two cows in a satellite. This is the first herd shot round the world.

**Dec. 2:** Overheard in 3-something:  
Master: What are light waves, Darman?  
Darman: Uh, small surf?

**Dec. 3:** Two friends meeting in the corridor:  
"Hi there, what's new?"  
"It's an adjective, what else?"

**Dec. 6:** The police were baffled by a series of holdups and their only clue was the fact that the criminal's pants had grease on them. Suddenly one of the detectives jumped up and ran to a nearby gas station, where he apprehended the criminal. When asked how he had solved the crime, the detective answered: "The crook always returns to the scene of the grime." To which the criminal could reply only: "Well, oil's fair in lube and wear."

**Dec. 7:** Overheard in 211:  
"Sure I like Rimsky Korsakov. They wrote great stuff."

**Dec. 8:** Ye R.R.R. used to be a very popular grocery clerk. Whenever he stacked the detergents on a high shelf, many of the customers jumped for joy. They thought he brought good Tidings, but the whole thing was really Fab-ricated.

**Dec. 9:** Do you know how to sculpture an elephant? Well, just take a big block of marble and chip away anything that doesn't look like an elephant.

**Dec. 10:** Overheard in 201:  
Master: Why did William Tell shoot an apple off of his son's head?  
Fruitcake: Because oranges were out of season?

**Dec. 13:** Ye R.R.R. has discovered that the rule requiring the wearing of jackets is unconstitutional. It violates the right "to own and bare arms."

**Dec. 14:** Due to unpaid taxes, Italian officials have put a lien on the Tower of Pisa.

**Dec. 15:** One crew member found that his boat was leaking as it traveled. Upon reporting the fact, he was told, "As ye row, so shall ye sleep."

**Dec. 16:** Overheard in 219:  
Master: Jones, use "definite" in a sentence.  
Jones: My grandfather has a bad ear. He's definite.

**Dec. 17:** A recent plan to provide all city legislators with suede shoes failed. This just proved you can't "buck" city hall.

**Dec. 20:** Ye R.R.R. submitted a great editorial to Mr. Roche, but apparently his ideas didn't register.

**Dec. 21:** Confusion say:  
"He who is born with silver spoon in

mouth often speaks with forked tongue."

**Dec. 22:** Overheard:

First Sixie: I have the hardest name in the world.

Second Fivesie: What is it?

F.S.: Stone.

S.F.: My name is Harder.

**Dec. 23:** Overheard:

Master: Faust, who was Mephistopheles?

Faust: How the devil should I know?

**Dec. 24:** As you know, Ye R.R.R. enjoys coining puns. They never make any cents and they get dollar and dollar every dime. Maybe he should become a profit.

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*Tua mater caligas ad pugnandum gerit.*

— Insegrevius 'LXVI

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